THE LAND WE LOVE.

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SKETCH OF MAJOR GENERAL S. D. RAMSEUR.

Major General S. D. Ramseur was born in the village of Lincolnton, N. C., on the 31st of May, 1837. He was the second child of Jacob A. and Lucy M. Ramseur. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, and he was bred under religious influences. The circumstances of his childhood, were those best adapted to develop his character most favorably. His parents possessing ample means to give their children all necessary social and intellectual advantages, relieved them on the one hand from the ills of poverty, while on the other, they preserved them from the enervating and corrupting allurements of an artificial and worldly life. Having received his elementary education in the schools of Lincolnton, and the village of Milton, in his native State, he sought an appointment in the Military Academy, at West Point. Failing in this effort, he entered the freshman class, in Davidson College, N. C. At this institution he spent about eighteen months, but he had early chosen arms as his profession, and the opportunity again recurring, he determined to apply again for a Cadet-ship. Encouraged and aided by General D. H. Hill, at that time Professor of Mathematics, in the College, and who recommended him to the notice of the Hon. Burton Craige, he succeeded in gaining the eagerly desired appointment.

At West Point he remained five years, an additional year having been added to the course, while he was a student there. He was graduated in 1860.

By his courtesy, high-toned integrity and sterling worth, he made many warm personal friends, both among his brother cadets and in the professional staff. Of the branches of the service left to his choice, he preferred the Light Artillery, and in this was commissioned second Lieutenant by brevet.

It will be seen that the young

Lieutenant was in the United States army but a short time before the breaking out of hostilities between the North and South, and this period—from June, 1860, to April, 1861—he spent in the performance of his duties at Fortress Monroe. In April, 1861, after the bursting of the storm-cloud, Lieutenant Ramseur resigned his commission in the army, and tendered his services to the newly-formed government at Montgomery. On the 22nd of the same month, he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of Artillery, and ordered to the Mississippi. But whilst on his way to his new post, he recieved a telegram announcing his election to a captaincy of the "Ellis Light Artillery."

This was a battery composed of the first young men in his State, and was then in formation at the capital.

Captain Ramseur now repaired with all haste to Raleigh, where, by his energy and activity, he soon secured the requisite number of guns, horses and other equipments necessary for a thoroughly-appointed battery; and in a very short time he had his full complement of men. At "Camp Boylan," near Raleigh, he drilled and practiced his battery for some time, and brought it to such a state of perfection that it became the pride of our State.

But the people began to ask why he did not go to the front.—Troops from all the Southern States had been passing through Raleigh, and hastening on to Virginia, but the "Ellis Artillery" was still going through its daily drills. The citizens, who had not become well acquainted with the young commander, began to think that this was a holiday company, and one of the papers published at the Capital, spoke somewhat derisively of Captain Ramseur's artillery, as the "Parlor Battery." Inquiries were made by the authorities at Richmond, to which place the seat of the Confederate Government had been removed, as to when the battery would be in readiness. No definite answer could be returned—Captain Ramseur said that his command had not yet attained the proficiency which he desired, and the drilling and reviewing continued. Some of Ramseur's friends thought that he had been tardy in resigning his commission in the old service, and they now thought him censurably slow in taking the field. In both of these opinions they were wrong. In the one case, before giving up his commission, the young officer was determined to wait until every effort of the South to avert the strife had proven futile; and in the other, now that he had drawn his sword in our cause, he was as fully determined that when he went to the contest, its prowess should be recognized. And the record of the "Ellis Light Artillery" affords a favorable comment on his decision of purpose.

At last he was ready, and late in the summer of 1861, his battery proceeded to Virginia. He was stationed near Southfield on the South side of the James, and spent the fall and winter months in camp at that place, or in occasional movements to and from Norfolk.

At all of the reviews of the army in the department of Norfolk, this battery was the cynosure of attraction; and its beautiful evolutions and proficiency in drilling gained for the youthful commander many encomiums from the reviewing generals.

In the Spring of 1862, when Richmond was threatened by McClellan's advance, up the Peninsula, Captain Ramseur was ordered to report, with his battery, to General Magruder, at Yorktown. It had the honor, therefore, of forming a part of that little army of about 7,000 or 8,000, which, by the masterly activity of its General, was made to represent such a formidable front, that the opposing force, (which has been variously estimated at from 40,000 to 160,000) was deceived into a halt, which continued until the arrival of the "Army of Northern Virginia," under Jos. E. Johnston.

General Magruder had known the meritorious young officer when they were both in the service of the United States; and he, therefore, detached him from his favorite battery, to place him in command of the artillery of the righ wing. It was here that Major Ramseur, who had now been promoted, saw his first active service.

Before any serious fighting occurred on the Peninsula, Major Ramseur was elected to the Colonelcy of the 49th North Carolina infantry, and although he regretted to dissever his connection with the artillery, he accepted the new promotion. The "Ellis Artillery," however, under the gallant leadership of Captain Manly, a short time afterwards, at the battle of Williamsburg, won its first laurels, which continued to brighten till the close of the war.

The regiment of which Colonel Ramseur now took command, was composed altogether of new men, men who had just enlisted. But, by the exercise of his knowledge of infantry tactics, the young commander, at an early day, had it prepared for the front. The 49th belonged to Ransom's brigade of Huger's division, and saw its first service in the skirmishes which preceded the opening battles before Richmond. Encouraged by the fearless intrepidity of its commander, this body of men, from the very outset, rendered most signal service. It went through the series of battles memorable as the "seven day's fighting," and in the last of these, at Malvern Hill, on the 1st of July, whilst leading a victorious charge, the young Colonel was wounded. He was shot through the right arm, above the elbow, and that night, after the battle, was borne to Richmond, and carried to the house of Mr. M. S. Valentine. Here he met with every possible kind attention, but the nature of his wound was such, that more than a month elapsed before he could travel to his home in North Carolina.

Whilst at home, and before he had sufficiently convalesced to return to the field, Colonel Ramseur received his commission as Brigadier General. He now thought that promotion was coming too rapidly, and felt seriously disinclined to accept this newly

offered compliment. But at the earnest request of his friends, who had a higher opinion of his capacity, than he himself had, he reluctantly accepted the increased rank. It is a commentary both on the innate bravery of his regiment, and the fearlessness of its commander, that this officer was promoted immediately after leading a new command into its comparatively first fight.

In October, 1862—though unable to use his right hand, even in writing—he repaired to Richmond in order to make a decision in regard to the brigade which had been offered him. He called on President Davis, and explained to him his delicacy in accepting the exalted rank that had been conferred upon him, but the President insisted that he should take the commission, telling him, at the same time to return to his home until he was entirely restored to health. But General Ramseur, instead of returning to North Carolina, sought out the army, and took command of the brigade which had been left without a general officer, by the death of the gallant George B. Anderson. His arrival at his new command, was thus spoken of afterwards, at a meeting of condolence, held in Lincolnton, on the 31st of October, 1864. It is an extract from a speech delivered by Colonel Bynum:

"Assigned to a command in which I served, I knew him well. He succeeded the lamented Gen. Anderson, an officer of great abilities, and well skilled in the art of war, commanding the love and confidence of his men. His was a place not easily filled.

"General Ramseur came to the brigade, a stranger, from another branch of the service; but he at once disarmed criticism by his high professional attainment and great amiability of character, inspiring his men, by his own enthusiastic nature, with those lofty martial qualities which distinguish the true Southern soldier."

This brigade, composed of the 2nd, 4th, 14th and 30th North Carolina regiments, then attached to Jackson's corps, was commanded by General Ramseur at the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was again wounded in the foot by a shell, whilst leading a successful charge upon the enemy's works. This second wound did not take him from the field, but he continued with his brigade, and shortly afterwards accompanied it through the Pennsylvania campaign. In the battle of Gettysburg he acted with conspicuous gallantry—his brigade being among the first to enter the captured town. Here he won, by his courage and military deportment, the highest esteem and warmest admiration of the division, corps, and army commanders.

After the return of the army from Pennsylvania, and when there seemed to be a peaceful lull in the terrible war, and when the division to which General Ramseur's brigade belonged was preparing to go into winter quarters, near Orange Court House, he obtained leave of absence for the purpose of being married. He had long been engaged to Miss Ellen E. Richmond, of Milton, N.

C., and on the 27th of October, 1863, they were united in marriage. Spending some time at the house of his wife's mother and at his home in Lincolnton, he again repaired to his brigade.

The winter of '63 and '64 was spent in comparative quiet, but Grant having taken command of the army of the Potomac, the struggle was renewed in the spring with increased fury. Following the fortunes of the corps to which his brigade belonged, the next general engagements in which he bore a part were at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Court House. The following extract from the "London Morning Herald" affords a vivid picture of the action of this brigade. Having been written by an English gentleman, who had familiar access to Gen. Lee's Head Quarters, it must needs be more impartial than if it had been written by any one connected with the army. It is a description of the battle of the Wilderness, fought on the 12th of May, 1864, and is dated at Richmond, on the 25th of the same month. After recounting the skirmishes which preceded the battle, and describing the commencement of the battle itself, this correspondent thus alludes to the recapture, by Ramseur's brigade, of a most important salient from which another portion of the army had been dislodged:

"The Federalists continued to hold their ground in the salient, and along the line of works, to the left of that angle, within a short distance of the position of Monoghan's (Hay's) Louisianians.—Ramseur's North Carolinians of Rode's division formed, covering Monoghan's right; and being ordered to charge, were received by the enemy with a stubborn resistance. The desperate character of the struggle along that brigade-front, was told terribly in the hoarseness and rapidity of its musketry. So close was the fighting there, for a time, that the fire of friend and foe rose up rattling in one common roar. Ramseur's North Carolinians dropped in the ranks thick and fast, but still he continued, with glorious constancy, to gain ground, foot by foot. Pressing under a fierce fire, resolutely on, on, on, the struggle was about to become one of hand to hand, when the Federalists shrank from the bloody trial. Driven back, they were not defeated. The earthworks being at the moment in their immediate rear, they bounded on the opposite side; and having thus placed them in their front, they renewed the conflict. A rush of an instant brought Ramseur's men to the side of the defences; and though they crouched close to the slopes, under enfilade from the guns of the salient, their musketry rattled in deep and deadly fire on the enemy that stood in overwhelming numbers but a few yards from their front. Those brave North Carolinians had thus, in one of the hottest conflicts of the day, succeeded in driving the enemy from the works that had been occupied during the previous night by a brigade which, until the 12th of May, had never yet yielded to a foe—the Stonewall."

At Spottsylvania Court House, General Ramseur acted with his

accustomed gallantry. In this battle he was shot through his already disabled arm, and had three horses killed under him; still he never left the field, but led on his brigade to the gathering of fresh laurels for himself and forces. General Ramseur's career as a brigade commander was an uncommonly brilliant one. He never led the brigade into action that he did not add to its reputation. It was noted at Chancellorsville that he drilled it under heavy fire, and led it in a charge when others refused to advance, his men absolutely running over portions of a recusant command. An officer describing his appearance as he stepped up to Gen. Rodes and offered his brigade for the charge said, "he looked splendidly."

For his services at Spottsylvania, on the occasion referred to, by the correspondent of the London *Herald*, Gen. Ramseur was complimented on the field by Generals Ewell and A. P. Hill, and sent for by General Lee, that he might receive, in person, the thanks of that noble commander.

While General Ramseur infused his own daring impetuous nature into his men, they almost worshipped him. They seemed to feel the same kind of personal enthusiasm towards him that the corps felt toward General Jackson. He could lead them anywhere; if he was guiding them, they never distrusted, never hesitated, never quailed. Their hearts beat with his high courage and responded to his heroic intrepidity. They had the most unbounded confidence in his daring, skill, and military resource.

In June, 1864, he was promoted to a Major Generalship, and assigned to the division formerly commanded by General Early.

Early's corps, composed of Gordon's Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions, was shortly afterwards detached from Lee, and sent to repel Hunter, who was threatening Lynchburg. General Early reached Lynchburg in time to save the city, and after the repulse of Hunter, he marched, for the third time, into Maryland. No serious fighting occurred during this campaign, until the army reached Monococy bridge, where Ramseur and Gordon defeated the forces commanded by General Wallace. The army of the valley then marched to within five miles of Washington city, and but for the timely arrival of troops from the Department of the Gulf, might have captured the Federal capitol.

This addition to the enemy's army caused General Early to retreat to the lower valley, where, with various successes and reverses, he remained until ordered to rejoin the army before Richmond.

At the battle of Winchester, on the 19th of September, General Ramseur's division sustained the brunt of the fight, from daylight until nine or ten o'clock, when the other divisions came to his relief. It was in this fierce conflict that the gallant Rodes gave up his life; and with the departure of his spirit, our army lost one of its noblest commanders. Gen. Ramseur was transferred from Early's

old division to the division which was left without a Major General by the fall of Rodes. He commanded this but one month, when he, too, died the gallant death of a soldier, at the battle of Cedar Creek.

In what esteem Major General S. D. Ramseur was held by his immediate superiors the following extract will show. And the cause of the letter, from which the extract is taken, gives a faint indication of the love entertained for him by his troops. Lieutenant General Early wrote as follows to Brig. General Bryan Grimes, who, at the request of the division lately commanded by Generals Rodes and Ramseur, had asked for a suspension of military duties for one day, that it might duly honor these noble captains:

"Head Quarters, Valley Dist.,
Oct. 31, 1864.

GENERAL: Your request for the suspension for to-morrow in your division of all military duties which are not indispensable, in order to carry out the purposes of the resolutions of the officers of the division, in honor of Major General R. E. Rodes and Major General S. D. Ramseur, is granted. I take occasion to express to the division, so lately commanded in succession by these lamented officers, my high appreciation of their merits, and my profound sorrow at their deaths.

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"Major General Ramseur has often proved his courage, and his capacity to command; but never did these qualities shine more conspicuously than on the afternoon of the 19th of this month, when, after two divisions on his left had given way, and his own was doing the same thing, he rallied a small band, and for one hour and a quarter held in check the enemy, until he was shot down himself. In endeavoring to stop those who were retiring from the field, I had occasion to point them to the gallant stand made by Ramseur with his small party; and if his spirit could have animated those who left him thus battling, the 19th of October would have had a far different history. He met the death of a hero, *and with his fall, the last hope of saving the day was lost.*—General Ramseur was a soldier of whom his State has reason to be proud—he was brave, chivalrous and capable.

Respectfully,
J. A. EARLY,
Lt. Gen.

Brig. Gen. BRYAN GRIMES,
Com'd'g. Div.

Mortally wounded on the afternoon of October the 19th, 1864, after having participated in one of the most brilliant strategic movements of the war, he was captured, and died in the hands of the enemy, next morning, about 10 o'clock. Some of his friends, in Winchester, procured his body, had it embalmed, and sent through the lines to his family. To Major Hutchinson, his Adjutant General, who was captured at the same time, the family of General Ramseur are indebted for some additional accounts of his last moments. His wound was through the body, and of a very painful nature; but he had occasional periods of ease, and during these,

he conversed very calmly. He knew that he was fatally wounded, but was not unprepared to meet death. To General Hoke, who had been an old schoolmate, and friend, from childhood, he sent this word: "Tell General Hoke, I die a Christian, and have done my duty."

He had heard, but the day before the battle in which he was to give up his life, of the birth of his little daughter. He spoke most tenderly of his wife and little child, and sent them many loving messages. The last words he whispered were for her: "Tell my darling wife," he said, "I die with a firm faith in Christ, and trust to meet her hereafter." For his father, brothers and sisters, also, he had words of peace and love.

General Ramseur was a Major General only for the period of five months, commanding first, Early's division, and after the death of General Rodes, taking his command. But during this short time he maintained his high military character, and the entire confidence of his superior officers and brother Major Generals. There was only one occurrence in the whole of General Ramseur's military career to which it is possible to attach any blame, or make him the subject of censure, and even if it be a blunder or mistake, what commander has not, at some time, made one false step.

It is thus spoken of by General Early in his narrative of his campaign in the Valley.

"On this day, (19th of July,) I received information that a column, under Averill, was moving from Martinsburg, towards Winchester, as the position I held left my trains exposed in the rear, I determined to concentrate my force near Strasburg. This movement was commenced on the night of the 19th; Ramseur's division being sent to Winchester, to cover that place against Averill. Vaughn's and Jackson's cavalry had been watching Averill, and on the afternoon of the 20th, it was reported to General Ramseur that Averill was at Stephenson's depot, with an inferior force, which could be captured, and Ramseur moved out from Winchester to attack him.

But relying on the information he received, General Ramseur did not take the proper precautions in advancing, and his division, while moving by the flank, was suddenly met by a larger force, under Averill, advancing in line of battle, and the result was, Ramseur was thrown into confusion, and compelled to retire, with the loss of four pieces of artillery, and a number in killed and wounded. The error committed on this occasion, by this most gallant officer, was nobly retrieved on the subsequent part of the campaign."

It is very doubtful if any blame should be attached to Gen. Ramseur for this affair. The cavalry command, mentioned, had been in his front all day, for the special purpose of watching Averill, and reporting from time to time. A General commanding, must rely on his subordinates for much information; he cannot possibly attend to everything himself. Gen. Ramseur had secured no information that the enemy were nearer

than Stephenson's depot. Those whose duty it was to inform him, reported such as the fact. It was a mistake, therefore, that under the circumstances, might have happened to any general. Certain it is that General Early did not *censure* Gen. Ramseur, at the time, and General Rodes did not for one moment lose his confidence in him.

General Early thus speaks of General Ramseur in his account of the battle of Cedar Creek:

"Major General Ramseur fell into the hands of the enemy, mortally wounded, and in him, not only my command, but the country suffered a heavy loss. He was a most gallant and energetic officer, whom no disaster appalled, but his courage and energy seemed to gain new strength in the midst of confusion and disorder. He fell at his post, fighting like a lion at bay, and his native State has reason to be proud of his memory."

General Ramseur was a noble specimen of a man; though distinguished as a warrior, and possessing marked abilities for military success, yet his greatest excellence was his *character as a man.* He had all those qualities that excite the love and admiration of friends, and the respect of foes; no dishonorable thought, word, or act stains his bright name. In all the relations of life he was a model, as a son, brother, husband, friend; he was without reproach. His friendship elevated and ennobled, for the whole tone of his character was lofty. He had developed in a remarkable manner two elements necessary to the highest type of man, viz: a humanly tenderness of feeling, united with the most manly courage and self-reliance. His courage was the theme of the whole army, he seemed perfectly fearless, absolutely devoid of any sense of fear. It seems strange that one so affectionate, so almost womanly in his feelings, should have been so completely at home amid the dreadful scenes of the battle field. But he absolutely reveled in the fierce joys of the strife, his whole being seemed to kindle and burn and glow amid the excitements of danger. He was spoken of by one of the Virginia papers as the Chevalier Bayard of the war. His courage was marvelous—danger seemed to draw him as by a strange fascination,—and he could pardon everything but cowardice. Yet all this was not because he was indifferent to human life and suffering, he would expose himself to shield his staff, and his eyes would fill with tears as he reviewed his broken ranks, after the engagement was over.

General Ramseur was remarkable for his love of children; he would devote himself to them wherever he met them and seemed to take the greatest pleasure in pleasing them. From childhood he himself had been a most devoted child to his parents, and no sister ever had a brother more affectionate, no wife a husband more entirely her own. His whole nature was self-denying—open-hearted—generous; no mean envies, no base jealousies were found in him. He never sought promotion, it always came unasked by him.

In person, General Ramseur was of medium height, his figure was slender but well proportioned, very erect and of fine martial bearing. His brow was large, prominent, well rounded—his eye large and black and the whole expression open, winning and striking. His face indicated in a most remarkable manner loftiness of character and purity of sentiment. He was a fine horseman, sitting his horse with grace, and managing him with skill.

Gen. Ramseur was a member of the Presbyterian Church and died expressing his hope in Jesus as his Saviour.

The writer of this sketch passed the last two years of the war in close intimacy with General Ramseur. He saw much of his Christian character, and had many conversations with him on religious subjects. During this period he always expressed himself as trusting in Jesus. He read his Bible, and was regularly at church, and always promoted religious observance among his troops. The last winter of his life Mrs. Ramseur spent with him in camp.—He had prayers regularly in his family, and read religious books. He spoke particularly of his enjoyment of Jay's "Christian Contemplated," a book on the Christian character. He also read his Bible a great deal, and his faith gradually became brighter, more fixed and calmer. The last sermon he heard was in New Market from the text "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna and will give him a white stone." He enjoyed it and spoke of his satisfaction in it.

His last words to Mrs. Ramseur were an expression of assured hope in Christ.

A high-toned and chivalrous gentleman, a gallant soldier, an humble Christian. We may apply to him the words of the great Poet of our language—

"In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman."

THE REALM OF ENCHANTMENT.

We live in a fairy region,
And everything rich and rare,
Floats down on the wings of wishing,
And circles about us there.

The light of the land falls faintly,
With radiance mellowed fine,
A diamond sun beams shimmer
On pearls of the pale moon-shine.

Four seasons, in one united,
The best of their gifts display;
October emulates August,
December melts into May.

We pluck off ambrosial roses,
And powder their pink with snow,
Or dash away clear icicles
From branches, where ripe grapes glow.

Age has the vigor of childhood;
Youth, the experience of age;
The merriest mind is monarch,
The lovingest heart a sage.

Here honor, and faith, and duty
Are old, yet forever new.
Here manhood is grandly noble,
And womanhood purely true.

All ages and aims commingle,
All tempers and times disport;
The Sages of Greece give greetings
To Wits of Queen Anna's Court.

Here Homer hovers round Shakespeare,
And Milton merges in Moore;
Boccaccio is fused with Browning,
Cervantes and Sappho soar!

Lancelot lays off his laurels,
Ivanhoe tilts on the plain,
While Cleopatra wanders
With the Lilly Maid Elaine.

Love is the law of the kingdom,
And Virtue is nurse to Love;
But whether an earthly Eden,
Or Scintillant Star above,

Be site of our fair dominion,
We know not, nor greatly care.—
We know we are very happy,
All we, who are dwellers there!

FANNY DOWNING.

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

SUCH was the condition of affairs when the North Carolina Legislature met at Newbern, almost simultaneously with the adjournment of the Franklin Convention.

The parent State had not been inattentive to the growing alienation and defection of her Western citizens. Exhibiting the same kind and conciliatory spirit as had been manifested by Governors Martin and Caswell, the Legislature, in the preamble to their action on this subject, says: "It was, and continues to be, the desire of the General Assembly to extend the benefit of civil government to the citizens of the Western counties until such time as they might be separated with advantage and convenience to themselves; and the Assembly are ready to pass over, and consign to oblivion, the mistakes and misconduct of such persons in the above mentioned counties, as have withdrawn themselves from the government of this State; to hear and redress their grievances, if any they have, and to afford them the benefits and protection of government, until such time, as they may be in a condition, from their numbers and wealth, to be formed into a separate commonwealth, and be received by the United States as a member of the Union."

The act then grants pardon and oblivion for all that had been done in the revolted counties, on the condition that they return to their allegiance to North Carolina. They also appointed officers, civil and military, in place of the incumbents under the Franklin dynasty, and empowered the voters to choose their representatives otherwise than by the then required forms.

It is not known how many of the several counties participated in the provisions thus made by the parent State for a return of the Western citizens to their allegiance. In Washington county disaffection to the Franklin Government began to manifest itself. An election was held at the Sycamore Shoals and Col. Tipton was chosen Senator, and James Stuart and Richard White were chosen as members of the House of Commons in the Legislature of North Carolina. These gentlemen had been members of the Convention of Franklin, and in other ways had participated in its administration. Their well known influence and weight of character rendered their present position, of ill-omen to the future fortunes of the new government. Many, in Washington county especially, influenced by their example, accepted the terms of accommodation held out by North Carolina, and enrolled their names in opposition to the new State. From this period resistance to or refusal of its authority assumed a more systematic and determined form.

In the year 1786 was presented

the strange spectacle of two empires exercised at one and the same time, over one and the same people. County courts were held in the same counties, under both governments; the militia were called out by officers appointed by both; laws were passed by both Assemblies, and taxes were laid by the authorities of both States; the conflict of opinion between the adherents of both parties became every day more acrimonious.—Every fresh provocation on the one side, was surpassed, by way of retaliation, by a still greater provocation on the other. The Judges commissioned by Franklin held Supreme Courts twice a year at Jonesboro. Col. Tipton openly refused obedience to the new government. There arose a deadly hatred between him and Governor Sevier, and each endeavored by all the means in his power to strengthen his party against the other. Tipton held Courts under the authority of North Carolina, at Buffalo, ten miles above Jonesboro,—which were conducted by her officers and agreeably to her laws. Courts were held at Jonesboro in the same county under the authority of the State of Franklin. As the process of these courts frequently required the Sheriff to pass within the jurisdiction of each other, to execute it, a rencounter was sure to take place. Hence it became necessary to appoint the stoutest men in the county to the office of Sheriff. Whilst a county court was sitting in Jonesboro Col. Tipton, with a party of men, entered the Court House, took away the papers from the desk, and turned the Justices out of doors. Not long after, Sevier's party came to the house where a North Carolina court was sitting and took away the clerk's papers and turned the court out of doors.—Similar acts were several times repeated during the Franklin Regime. In one case the papers of the Franklin Clerk, after being recaptured, were taken to a cave for better concealment and safety.—The same scenes were also enacted in Greene county, but less frequently. The two clerks in all the counties issued marriage licenses and many persons were married by virtue of their authority. Wills were admitted to probate, and letters of administration were granted on both sides.*

Notwithstanding the defection of some of its early advocates, and the neutrality of others of its friends, the government of Franklin continued to exercise its functions in the seven counties now constituting its sovereignty. County and Superior Courts were held, the militia was mustered, and disciplined, and civil and military elections took place under its authority. Not only were the frontier settlements protected and defended, but Gov. Sevier with his volunteers, often invaded the Cherokee country and laid waste their villages. His administrative ability was not less in military than in civil affairs, conspicuously exhibited. He early adopted the policy, heretofore ascertained to be the most effectual, of penetrating at once, with his mounted men, into the heart of

* Haywood.

the enemy's country, securing thereby, the immediate return of the hostile Indians to the defence of their towns and their homes.

In one of these invasions he crossed the Tennessee at Island Town and marched over the Unaca Mountain, to the Hiwassee. Here three of the Cherokee villages were destroyed, and a number of their warriors killed.

The effect of this bold invasion was most salutary. Few aggressions were, for some time after, made against the frontier. But it was considered by each of the sovereignties claiming jurisdiction over the country, a wise and necessary policy to adopt further methods of conciliation and security.

North Carolina had sent Col. Martin on a mission of peace into the interior of the Cherokee Nation. Governor Sevier was not less attentive in the meantime to the relations of Franklin with that tribe, and in the exercise of one of the highest attributes of political sovereignty, he appointed Commissioners to negotiate a second treaty with the Cherokees. The conference began at Chota Ford, July 31st, and was concluded at Coiatee, August 3d, 1786.

The difficulties with the Cherokees being thus adjusted, and provision having been made for co-operating with Georgia against the Creeks, it remained for the Franklin Authorities to reconcile conflicts nearer home. The *imperium in imperio* condition of things, threatened anarchy, or misrule — perhaps disaster and ruin to all parties. The people in some of the revolted counties, had sent forward their members to the North Carolina Assembly, which met at Fayetteville. They were in like manner also represented in the Assembly of Franklin. Taxes were laid by both governments, and collected by neither—the people not knowing, as was pretended, which had the better right to receive them: and neither government was forward in overruling the plea, for fear of giving offence to those who could, at pleasure, transfer their allegiance. Previous attempts had failed in securing from North Carolina, consent to the separation of her revolted counties. Disaffection had already manifested itself against the authority of Franklin, and some of those who were at first most zealous and clamorous for the separation, were now opposed to it in their legislative capacity, at Fayetteville. Every day brought new embarrassments to the administration of Governor Sevier, who, with the Assembly, was devising plans by which to extricate the new government from impending danger. One of these was the appointment of General Cocke and Judge Campbell, as Commissioners to North Carolina, to negotiate a separation. Each of them was well suited for the purpose of his mission. The former was identified with the new settlements, by an early participation in the privation, enterprise and danger of pioneer life. More recently, he had taken an active part in founding the new State—had been appointed its Delegate to Congress—commanded a brigade

of its militia, and held other positions implying confidence in his talents and address. His colleague had also a minute acquaintance with every question relating to either of the parties—held the highest judicial station in the government, from which he was accredited, and by his private worth, was entitled to the respect of the one, to which he was now sent.

To secure to his embassy the greater consideration and weight, the Governor of Franklin addressed to the Governor of North Carolina a communication conceived in respectful and lenient terms, yet manifesting, at the same time, earnestness and determination in maintaining the rights and advancing the interests of his State. He reviewed the course that had been adopted from the Act of Cession—its hasty repeal, and the confusion which had resulted from it,—vindicated himself and his countrymen from the aspersions that had been cast upon them, for the action which had been taken in the premises, and expressed the hope that the Assembly of the parent State would not involve in further ruin the late citizens who had, at King's Mountain and other places, fought and bled for the defence, and who were still ready to die in the support of freedom and independence. "Your constitution and laws," said he, "we revere, and consider ourselves happy that we have been able to establish them in Franklin. We do, in the most candid and solemn manner, assure you that we do not wish to separate from you on any other terms but those perfectly consistent with the honor and interest of each party: neither do we believe there is any amongst us who wish for a separation did they believe that the parent State should suffer from it any real inconvenience. We would be willing to stand or fall together under any dangerous crisis whatever, and, though wanting to be separated in government, we wish to be united in friendship, and hope that mutual good offices may ever pass between the parent and infant State."

Such was the calm and pacific tones of Governor Sevier in introducing to Governor Caswell the embassadors from the State of Franklin.

Judge Campbell, on account of ill-health, was unable to attend in person at Fayetteville; but desirous of effecting the object of his embassy, "a ratification of our Independence," he forwarded to Governor Caswell his written argument in support of it. "Is not your State," said he, "when connected with this part of the country, too extensive? Are we not then one day to be separate people? Do you recieve any advantages from us as now situated? or do you expect ever to recieve any? I believe you do not. Suffer us then to pursue our own happiness in a way most agreeable to our situation and circumstances.—Can a people so nearly connected as yours are with ours delight in our misfortunes? It was not from a love of novelty, or the desire of titles that our leaders were induced to engage in the present revolution, but from pure necessity. If we set out wrong, or

were too hasty in our separation, this country is not altogether to blame; your State pointed out the line of conduct which we adopted. We really thought you in earnest when you ceded us to Congress. If you then thought we ought to be separate, or if you now think we ever ought to be, permit us to complete the work that is now more than half done. Suffer us to give energy to our laws, and force to our councils, by saying we are a separate and independent people. Nature has separated us; do not oppose her in her work. By acquiescing you will bless us and do yourself no injury. You bless us by uniting the disaffected and do yourself no injury because you lose nothing but people who are a clog to your government, and to whom you cannot do equal justice by reason of their detached situation."

Such was the plain common-sense and well tempered written argument of Judge Campbell.—But notwithstanding these earnest representations made in behalf of the people of Franklin, the Assembly of North Carolina, disregarding their protests and memorials, continued to legislate for them—establishing new counties and appointing new officers, civil and military. It had also taken into consideration the measures necessary to be adopted in relation to the revolters, in Franklin. At this moment, General Cooke, the other Commissioner from the State of Franklin, appeared in Fayetteville, and at his request, was heard at the bar of the House of Commons. His speech has been preserved, in which he pathetically depicted the miseries of his distressed countrymen, he traced the motives of their separation to the difficult and perilous condition in which they had been placed by the Cession Act of 1784; he stated that the savages, in their neighborhood, often committed upon the defenceless inhabitants, the most shocking barbarities; and that they were without the means of raising, or subsisting troops for their protection; without authority to levy men; without the power to lay taxes for the support of internal government; and without the hope, that any of their necessary expenditures would be defrayed by North Carolina, which had then become no more interested in their safety, than any other of the United States. The sovereignty retained, being precarious and nominal, as it depended on the acceptance of the Cession by Congress, so it was anticipated, would be the concern of North Carolina for the ceded territory. With these considerations full in view, what were the people of the ceded territory to do, to avoid the blow of the uplifted tomahawk? How were the women and children to be rescued from the impending destruction? Would Congress come to their rescue? Alas! Congress had not yet accepted them, and possibly never would. And if accepted, Congress was to deliberate on the quantum of defence which might be afforded to them. The distant State would wish to know what profits they would respectively draw from the ceded country, and how much land would

remain after satisfying the claims upon it. The contributions from the several States were to be spontaneous. They might be too limited to do any good, too tardy for practical purposes. The powers of Congress were too feeble, to enforce contributions. Whatever aids should be resolved on, might not reach the objects of their bounty, till all was lost. Would common prudence justify a reliance upon such prospects? Could the lives of themselves and of their families be staked upon them? Immediate and pressing necessity called for the power to concentrate the scanty means they possessed, of saving themselves from destruction. A cruel and insidious foe was at their doors. Delay was but another name for death. They might supinely wait for events, but the first of them would be, the yell of the savage throughout all their settlements. It was the well known disposition of the savages to take every advantage of an unpreparedness to receive them, and of a sudden, to raise the shrieking cry of exultation over the fallen inhabitants. The hearts of the people of North Carolina should not be hardened against their brethren, who have stood by their sides in perilous times, and never heard the cry of distress, when they did not instantly rise and march to their aid. Those brethren have bled in profusion to save you from bondage and from the sanguinary hands of a relentless enemy, whose mildest laws for the punishment of rebellion is beheading and quartering. When driven in the late war, by the pressure of that enemy, from your homes, we gave to many of you a sanctified asylum in the bosom of our country, and gladly performed the rites of hospitality to a people we loved so dearly. Every hand was ready to be raised for the least unhallowed violation of the sanctuary in which they reposed."

"The act for our dismission was, indeed, in the winter of 1784, revoked; what then was our condition? More penniless, defenceless, and unprepared if possible, than before, and under the same necessity as ever to meet and consult together for our common safety. The resources of the country all locked up, where is the record that shows any money or supplies sent to us?—a single soldier ordered to be stationed on the frontier—or any plan formed for mitigating the horrors of our situation? On the contrary, the savages are irritated by the stoppage of those goods on their passage, which were promised as a compensation for the lands which had been taken from them. If North Carolina must still hold us in subjection, it should be at least understood to what a state of distraction, suffering and poverty her varying conduct has reduced us, and the liberal hand of generosity should be widely opened for relief from the pressure of present circumstances: all animosity should be laid aside and buried in deep oblivion, and our errors should be considered, as the offspring of greater errors, committed by yourselves. It belongs to a magnanimous people to weep over the failings of their unfortunate children, especially if

prompted by the inconsiderate behavior of the parent. Far should it be from their hearts to harbor the unnatural purpose of adding still more affliction to those who have suffered but too much already. It belongs to a magnanimous people to give an industrious attention to circumstances in order to form a just judgment upon a subject so much deserving their serious meditation, and when once carefully formed, to employ with sedulous anxiety, the best efforts of their purest wisdom in choosing a course to pursue suitable to the dignity of their own character, consistent with their own honor, and the best calculated to allay that storm of distraction in which their hapless children have been so unexpectedly involved. If the mother shall judge the expense of adhesion too heavy to be borne, let us remain as we are and support ourselves by our own exertions; if otherwise, let the means for the continuance of our connexion be supplied with that degree of liberality which will demonstrate seriousness on the one hand and secure affection on the other."

General Cooke's speech was heard with attention, and he retired.

The General Assembly continued to legislate for the revolted counties and by an act of that session, pardoned the offences of all persons who had returned to their allegiance to the State of North Carolina, and restored them to all the privileges of other citizens of the State, as if the said offences and misconduct had never existed. But they continued in office all officers who held and enjoyed their offices, April 1, 1784, and declared vacant the offices of all such persons as had accepted and exercised other offices and appointments, the acceptance and exercise of which were considered to be a resignation of their former offices, held under the State of North Carolina; and directed that such vacant offices, should be filled with proper persons to be appointed by the General Assembly, and commissioned by the Governor of North Carolina, as directed by law.

The latter provisions of this Act produced great dissatisfaction amongst the people upon whom it was intended to operate. The old office holders were capable, they had been faithful, and their experience and attention to official duty had secured universal confidence and approbation. Those upon whom the new appointments were conferred, were, many of them, non-residents, inexperienced and not reliable, selected by the favoritism of some functionary in the old State, and for that reason odious to the people. Their appointment was denounced by, and drew forth the bitter condemnation of some of both parties. The temper of the complainants is seen in a further letter of Judge Campbell, to Governor Caswell, after the adjournment of the Legislature. "The majority of the people of the State of Franklin" said he, "proclaim with enthusiastic zeal against a reversion to your State. Indeed, I am at a loss to conjecture whether your Assembly

wished us to revert: if so, why did they treat the old faithful officers of this country with contempt? Officers who have suffered in the common cause, who have been faithful in the discharge of the trust reposed in them, have been displaced without even the formality of a trial. If the old officers, who were the choice of the people, and under whom they have long served, had been continued, I doubt not but all things would have been settled here, agreeable to the most sanguine wishes of the General Assembly; but such infringement on the rights and privileges of a free people, will never be attended with salutary consequences. I also blame the law, enabling the people here to hold partial elections. If it was intended to divide us, and to set us to massacreing one another, it was well conducted, but an ill-planned scheme, if intended for the good of all." * * * * * "You mention that if the people here could be brought to agree in making a general application to the Legislature, the desired object might be easily brought about. Human nature is the same in all countries. To expect to bring a people cordially and unanimously to adopt the most salutary measure, is not to be expected, and they will most assuredly be refractory to doubtful and exceptionable plans." "The people here dread the idea of a reversion. They say if North Carolina is in earnest about granting them a separation, why not permit them to go on as they have begun, and not involve them in inextricable difficulties, by undoing the work of two or three years." And again he says respecting a reversion: "Many who were formerly unknown are now flaming patriots for Franklin. Many who were real Franklinites, are now burning with enthusiastic zeal. They say that North Carolina has not treated us like a parent, but like a step-mother; she means to sacrifice us to the Indian Savages: she has broke our old officers, under whom we fought, and bled: and placed over us men unskilled in military achievements, and who were none of our choice. I have no doubt, but your Excellency will use your influence to bring matters to a friendly and advantageous issue to both parties. Nothing that the love of humanity can inspire me with, shall be wanting on my part."

North Carolina, in the meantime, adopted a further measure of conciliation, viz: the relinquishing to the revolted citizens, all the taxes due, and unpaid, since 1784. This, with the act of pardon and oblivion already mentioned, had the desired effect upon a part of the disaffected. Commissions were sent to, and accepted by justices of the peace, in Washington, Sullivan, and Hawkins counties, and under the authority of the old State, Courts were held by them, and law administered as though the State of Franklin did not exist. In Greene county, and the new counties below it, men could not be found willing to accept the offered Commissions. There the authority of Franklin was supreme, and there was no conflict of jurisdiction. It was

very different elsewhere, and especially in Washington county.

Previous to the revolt, Courts had been held at Jonesboro', and had afterwards been held at the same place under the new government. Now, when the sentiment of allegiance to North Carolina had become, in some measure, general, the newly appointed magistrates opened, and held, the Courts at Davis' ten miles above Jonesboro'. The partisans of one government quarreled with those of the other. The officers of each, in discharge of official duty, came into conflict with the authority of the rival government. The animosity thus engendered, became the more acrimonious, as this county was the residence of Gov. Sevier, and also of Colonel John Tipton, who, though at first, a leader in the revolt, had now become prominent at the head of the Old State party. These two, alike, brave, ambitious, patriotic, and champions of their respective adherents, kept the people in a constant tumult, each, alternately, breaking in upon, and interrupting the Courts and jurisdiction of the other. The horrors of a fratricidal conflict seemed inevitable. Measures were adopted by both parties to allay the agitation, and restore quiet. General Rutherford had introduced before the Legislature of North Carolina, a measure of conciliation, that would have been acceptable to the malcontents beyond the mountains, but it had been instantly rejected. The mission of General Cooke, and the pacific overtures of Judge Campbell, had been abortive and unsuccessful. Franklin and North Carolina stood — not upon the edge of a precipice over which both might have been precipitated and engulphed, but upon the brink of a volcano, whose crater was yawning to receive, or whose fiery lava, was ready to inundate and overwhelm both parties in a common ruin. The patriot sighed for some mode of escape from the threatened catastrophe, while the statesman anxiously contemplated the impending crisis, and devised the best plan to avert the storm, or to mitigate its violence. What mode of *Reconstruction* did wisdom suggest, or patriotism provide, to meet the present emergencies, and to save the political fabric from further wreck and ultimate ruin and annihilation? Fortunately there was then, both wisdom and patriotism. There were, then, in those pure and infant days, of each republic, not only true patriots, but wise and sagacious statemen—inspired may we hope, for the exigencies of the momentous occasion. As a final resort, negotiation was attempted to reconcile the conflicts of interests and of feeling between the two States. But who should be the negotiator? to harmonize the antagonistic forces? An officer of the old State? The opposition to such an one, was at one time a mere prejudice, it had now become a sentiment of inappeasable malignity, and no offers of compromise from him could be, for a moment, entertained. Policy dictated that the negotiator should be selected from the Western people themselves, and that he should be one who, from his past posi-

tion, was identified, in all his sympathies and interests, with the West. General Evan Shelby, high in the confidence of his countrymen everywhere, remarkable for his probity, candor, good sense, and patriotism, was requested by Governor Caswell to undertake this delicate negotiation, and in conjunction with others, whose assistance he solicited, met a Commissioner from the State of Franklin, at a private house, on the 20th March, 1787. At this conference, Gov. Sevier represented his own Government, aided by such of his friends as he chose to invite.

Time and space will not allow the writer to give in detail the results of this important conference. Let it suffice here to say that a temporary quiet succeeded this compromise, and the people having by it secured the right of paying their taxes and of owing allegiance to either of their rival governments at their own option, the jurisdiction of both was for a time coördinate. No better proof need be adduced that the inhabitants of the disaffected country were honest, law-abiding, just and peaceable, than their demeanor under this unwonted condition of questionable allegiance. Anywhere else than amongst this irascible though virtuous community, anarchy, misrule, tumult and violence, would have followed. Prevalent sentiment was amongst these primitive people, essentially the law, and had the validity and force of legislative authority. Popular opinion was radically sound. It was in favor of right and justice. The people bowed to its supremacy, and paid allegiance to its mandates. They needed no other tribunal.

Still a wound had been inflicted upon the dignity of the parent State, and there were not wanting men in the country willing to appease her wrath and make an atonement for the indignity and injury she had received. These finding fault with and condemning the acts of the new State, reported its wrong doings to Gov. Caswell. They were clamorous about trespasses committed upon Cherokee territory by the intruding "Franklinites," and foreboded, what really took place, a renewal of Indian aggression upon the settlements, if they were not restrained. By one Governor Caswell was advised to remove the intruders by an armed force, and the writer expressed his apprehension that "the contention will end in blood." Gov. Caswell received another letter of still more portentous import, from an accredited agent, who had been sent to spy out the real condition of affairs in his trans-montane territory.—In his tour of observation, he seems to have detected, not only infidelity to North Carolina on the part of the people of Franklin, but "a tendency to dissolve the Federal bands." He is the first to advise "the interference of government" to suppress the insurgents by arms.

POOR TOM.

"*A'cold.*"

"TRUE! OH! KING."

Years of his Freedom—TWO!
And a shivering phantom stands
With the firelight flickering through
His gaunt and wasted hands.
"Home!"—and he bowed his head
With a low and wailing cry;
Ah! not for shelter and not for bread,
Only a place to—DIE!

To die at the master's feet,
Out of the scourging storm
Where the winds might never beat;
Where Tom lay ever warm;
Till Freedom, the pitiless
Fell from the cruel sky;
And the bitterness of his nakedness
Made TOM so glad to—DIE!

Oh! had these arms the pith
Of just *two years* ago,
Wrecked in the wrestle with
You wilderness of woe!
TOM'S love would bring the light
Back to his master's eye—
But the blood in his heart is cold to-night,
And he only comes to—DIE!

Was it *ever so many years*,
Or only yesterday,
That master, among his peers
Went bravest, with TOM, the gay?
Before the "locust" and "hail,"
Or only an hour gone by,
That Freedom fell with a flail
On TOM, and made him DIE!

Of the dear old days, so sweet
  Does *master* dream as he sits,
Till the weariness of his *feet*
  Seems—wandering in his wits;
Till yesterday seems so dim,
  And the far-away, so nigh,
That his head goes all a'swim.
  And his heart is faint to DIE!

POOR TOM!—For a *hundred years*
  Your blood has coursed by *mine*,
Were there warmth in bitter tears,
  There should not lack the brine;
DYING!—I know it well,
  As I know the signs on high;
The tokens that grimly tell,
Out of the STORM, 'twere well
  BOTH of us, TOM, to DIE!

INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS.

COMBINATIONS for the prosecution of industrial pursuits are the characteristic of our age. They now enjoy almost universal favor, and are extending themselves, in old and new directions, every year. In the delight which is inspired by their efficiency for money-getting, people seem unsuspicious of the extensive changes and disasters which they are probably destined to introduce into modern society. The successive curses which have blighted the hopes of civilized man so often, have usually proceeded out from some institution, valued and approved, (because useful in its place) but unexpectedly prevented. The disposition to favor chartered corporations, so prevalent in the European family of nations, finds its explanation in their history.—Corporate rights were not unknown to the Roman Civil law.—But their value grew into its present appreciation in the federal ages. When the ancient order of the Roman world fell before the Gothic and Teutonic hordes, there was, for a time, a total prostration of civic rights, before the armed violence of the nomadic and military barbarians. For a time Western Europe was a chaos, "without form and void," presenting no settled rights, or distinctive social order. At length, as the stormy and seething elements subsided, the *feudal system* was seen to emerge, the crude rudiments of which had, perhaps, been brought by the Teutons from the German forests. This was a military organization of society: in which the main feature was the tenure of the lands, not in fee simple, but as tenants for life, on condition of certain military service to be rendered to the noble land owner. The tie which connected the vassal with his immediate suzerain was thus made the most close and efficient, which existed in civil society. Each Barony thus became a sort of military clan, directed by the sovereign will of its lord, and practically irresponsible to king and constitution. For the vassal, there might be some rights and franchises, guaranteed to him by the compact of his fief, on condition of his homage and service: but for all those who did not belong to the military caste, for the artizan, the merchant, the citizens of towns, there was practically no right, and no protection. The neighboring feudal chieftains were, as to them, irresponsible plunderers. The King, the nominal chief magistrate, was himself but the chief suzerain of the inferior laborers, wielding no other authority over them, but that of feudal compacts. It was, of course, vain to hope that a regal authority, resting only on a feudal basis, could be exercised to repress the excesses of the great feudatories. The consequence was, that plunder was the order of the day: and so far did the disorder proceed, that arts

and commerce were well nigh banished from many States of Western Europe.

The industrial classes at length began to find, in the 11th and 12th centuries, this expedient. Living mainly in towns and cities, they combined to procure from the military barons who claimed authority over them, *charters*, conferring certain stipulated immunities upon them, by the jealous preservation of which, a part of their rights and property at least, was secured from spoliation.—These charters were sometimes bought with money, sometimes bestowed in return for some valuable service: and sometimes extracted by the good right arms of the sturdy burghers, by hard blows. Kings, perceiving in these corporations, probable make-weights to counterpoise the power of the great feudatories, who were, practically, almost independent, soon found an interest in favoring these charter institutions, and in proposing themselves to the corporations as umpires and patrons. Thus was laid the foundation of the modern social order, before which feudalism has virtually disappeared from Europe and America. Chief magistrates protecting and employing the chartered communities against the feudal barons, found, in the former, elements of support by which they were gradually enabled to consolidate their people, before little more than clusters of independent and discordant fiefs, into true nations.

Corporate immunities sanctioned, by charter-stipulations, were thus, the very fountains of all the rights and prosperity of the commonalty. It is not strange that they were cherished as precious and admirable; and that the disposition prevailed to extend them, as a shield of protection against military violence, over every species of interest. The monastery, the dean and chapter of the diocese, the very parson and wardens of the parish, aspired to become corporations in law, and to assert their chartered rights to their endowments, against greedy barons. The different trades and professions in the towns were organized into "guilds," governed within themselves, by strict by-laws, and guarding their common privileges with jealous public spirit. Just as among the military caste, every tenure had assumed the form of a fief, so among the industrial classes, every franchise sought the sanction of the corporate charter.

Now this tendency to favor incorporations, and to exalt chartered rights, has been inherited by us, in full force, after the state of society, which presented the rational basis for these feelings, has been totally displaced. Feudalism has long been dead. The organization of modern society is no longer military, but civil.—The law, before which all classes in the State are equal, is in theory, supreme. The chief magistrate, in enforcing the law, acts directly upon individuals, and no longer upon fiefs. The State itself has become the comprehensive "guild," whose charter, (the constitution and laws) extends abundant protection, if fairly executed, to each citizen, no matter what

his rank or pursuit. It is manifest that after this revolution of the social order, the ground for attaching the former value to the usage of incorporation, as the bulwark of individual rights, is all reversed. Yet the prejudice and the usage still continue! Thus, out of this mediæval expedient of the commonalty, is now rapidly growing a new aristocracy, which is acquiring, by the perversion of an institution which should have passed away with the occasion for it, class privileges, and exclusive powers, more odious than the feudal-chartered corporations were justly valued as a *protection* of the weak against irresponsible baronial power. No such power now exists. These privileges have become, virtually, the expedients for arming favored individuals with powers of *aggression* against their fellows.

Is it demanded then, that society shall exist without corporate combinations? This question will be asked, in a disdainful tone of incredulity, by an age inordinately devoted to material acquisition, and fully instructed in the advantages of combination. Men find that "union is strength." The wondrous power evolved by large combinations of capital and labor, now especially that the material arts have furnished industry with so many appliances for expediting its work, which are at once costly and efficient, set men all agog, to extend this system more widely than ever before. There is no likelihood that the excesses of it will be surrendered. In the din and turmoil of successful avarice, the warning of history will be scouted by the interested few, who gather the spoils of the system, and neglected by the many, who are the victims of the abuse. The overthrow of the liberty of the 19th century, by this unsuspected cause, appears therefore inevitable. But it is none the less, the duty of philosophy to leave her warning on record.

There are only two cases which present any fair pretext in the constitution of free society for incorporating a part of the citizens with special privileges not common to them all. One is where the work or function to be performed demands more means than can be ever found in the possession of an individual. One man is not found rich enough to build a whole railroad. Yet railroads are useful. The other case is, where the perpetuity of the function requires the retention of the means and management under the same direction for more than the life-time of one man. The railroad again, may be an instance. The rich man who began one as an individual enterprise, might, in some cases, expend his natural life without more than completing it. Hence, the law creates the artificial person, which never dies, a corporation to retain and manage so enduring an interest. Now, for the prosecution of such enterprises, there are but two alternatives. Either chartered corporations of some citizens must be formed with special privileges, to execute them: or the State must execute them all herself, through her own

numerous officials; and thus make herself at once civil government, and the universal corporation.—The Commonwealth which should act out this scheme would become, literally, the το παν of human combinations, and her multifarious functions would cover all the forms of associated human action, except the family. The action of the British government, in recent times, does indeed approach this conception: for we see Parliament concerning itself, through its different classes of State officials, with every conceivable function, from teaching the population christianity, down to draining the marshy lands of the country.—The government, by thus making itself the only corporation, would, indeed, seem to guard effectually against partial class privileges.—But it would be only in seeming. The aggregate of business, money and power thus combined in the hands of government, would be too great for any administration except that of an omniscient mind. It would result in boundless official mismanagement and peculation. And it would convert a free government into a species of Chinese despotism. Modern States, then, must have some corporate combinations of a part of the citizens, for executing these useful ends.—But obviously, the principle we have developed requires that they shall not be causelessly multiplied; that their privileges shall be jealously limited to such as will enable them for the useful works designed: that they shall be made to wear, as nearly as may be, the character of mere business firms; that the corporation, as an artificial person, shall have no privilege whatsoever, which does not belong to every citizen, as a natural person, by the constitution and laws.

Now, does the legislation of the American States regard these necessary cautions? Does it not madly disdain them? Combinations protected and privileged by law are the order of the day for everything. The material spirit of the age deliberately postpones everything to money; and it is enough for men to perceive that in the art of acquisition the old adage usually holds true, that 'union is strength.' The old prejudice in favor of chartered associations is loudly claimed, after every condition of society has been reversed, which gave them legitimate value; with the view of wielding peculiar privileges for selfish ends. We have corporations for everything: corporations to teach the arts and sciences to young men; corporations to teach children; corporations to construct railroads and canals; corporations to carry parcels on the vehicles of these other corporations; corporations to navigate ships and steamers; corporations to manage the alleys and pigs of our villages; corporations to spin; corporations to make clocks and watches; corporations to peg shoes; corporations to make a nail; corporations to lend money and play Shylock for the community; corporations to insure our lives; a corporation to paint bank-notes for other bubble corporations; corporations to shake carpets, and associated companies to wash the linen of the "great unwashed." The picture

of the excess to which the institution is carried by American society would be extremely ludicrous, were it not too alarming.

In explaining the dangers which have been intimated, let us begin with that which is, in itself, least important; the pecuniary evils attending the abuse of this system. These may be quickly perceived by the answer to the following question: why do the persons who have capital and skill for a given business, prefer to pursue it under one of these powerful chartered associations, rather than as, each man for himself, individual adventurers? Obviously, because they know that they shall get more gain for the use of their capital and skill. Then of course, the rest of the people who employ them pay more for the service, than they would if served by individuals. The evasion is, that this does not follow; because the combination of many men and much means enables the association to carry on that business so much more skillfully and efficiently that thereby, the public is served more cheaply, and the association is better rewarded for its outlay. In most cases, this evasion is false. If there is an extensive improvement, which, on the one hand, costs many times as much as any one rich man possesses, and on the other hand, will, when completed, perform its appointed work as much more cheaply than any other possible agency, as its cost has exceeded them, in this case the plea may be good. Such is the truth as to some railroads, when compared with existing country roads. But in a multitude of cases which claim to be similar, the advantage is utterly illusory: the public, after giving the chartered privileges, gives more for the service than it had paid before. And in all cases where the business is one within the scope of individual wealth, the plea carries falsehood on its face. Why does the money-lender prefer to lend through a bank? Money-lending is a function which may be, with equal facility, accommodated to any amount of capital, large or small! His motive is, that by the power of a banking corporation, he is enabled to get more usury than he can legally get as an individual.—So the Yankee manufacturing capitalist, who has means abundant to build one adequate cotton mill usually prefers not to do so as an individual adventurer, but to have a certain number of shares in some vast corporation owning a whole city of mills. Why? Because he aims at the power of a monopolist, to a certain extent.—A ship owner possesses plenty of money to build and sail a steamer between New York and Charleston. But he prefers to put in his money as member of a "Steamship Company." Why? He has his eye on a monopoly of the coasting trade between the two ports: the meaning of which monopoly is, to oppress the trading public, and plunder them in the shape of measured freights, by excluding competition. But perhaps the most glaring instance of the plunder of a monopoly is that presented by the great "Express-forwarding Companies:" chartered associations preposterously cre-

ated to do the duties of "common carriers," on the vehicles of other companies designed by their very existence for the very same function, and which, if they are not fully competent to it, should be punished as delinquents. What reason on earth is there, that so humble and plain a function as the forwarding of parcels, and that too, where another agency had already been provided to execute it should be armed by law with the power to levy gains so immense on the business of the country? See their pompous palaces in all our cities: their armies of sleek, pampered horses and officials; their share-holders dividing fabulous dividends, and rolling in wealth equal to that of a nation's revenues. What is that exalted function, for the performance of which modern society rewards them so splendidly? Only that which was performed for our forefathers by sturdy, simple wagoners and ship-masters! Truly, we are a wise generation! This picture betrays the pecuniary results of this perverse system: as being, in the main, extortionate and wasteful, and forming a frightful and iniquitous tax on the productive industry of the country.

That these combinations for industrial pursuits are, in most cases inimical to public wealth, is very plain from these facts: that they uniformly employ more costly and wasteful means of administration, than individual enterprise would. The monopolist power which they wield, to rake together large piles of money, surely tempts the successful manipulators and their families, and dependents, to wasteful luxuries of living; which are all unproductive consumption; and thus devour the public means, while they corrupt the morals of all concerned.

2. *Money is power.* Have men forgotten the maxim which our wise fathers taught us, from the lessons of historical experience? that "*where power is, thither power tends.*" Need we repeat here the proofs and illustrations of this almost self-evident postulate? As long as man's heart is what it is, this centripetal tendency must exist. Our fathers taught that in order that a republican equality of rights may exist among the citizens, no great inequality of wealth must be encouraged among them. Hence they felt that, in order to perpetuate republican government, they must needs abolish the rights of primogeniture, and thus provide for the redistribution of property, and its equal division among the citizens. But we insanely create an aristocracy of active capital, equipped moreover with organizations and armies of trained officials and servants, tenfold more dangerous to the common liberties than a landed aristocracy. We arm them, under the pretext of facilitating industrial pursuits, with the power of getting at once immense wealth and influence.—Must not the natural arrogance of wealth suggest the lust for more power? The power of organization already possessed, is employed by them, first to enlarge their advantages and opportunities for getting more inordenate gains in the pursuits for which they were

incorporated. It is for this purpose they at first enter the arena of political manœuvre, and measure their strength with party leaders and factions. Will not their success in this object suggest the thought of using their power also for further ends? The experience of the States with these associations has just now passed through this stage, and is approaching the next. The seniors among us can well remember how a mongrel corporation, in Philadelphia, once challenged the whole force of the government of the United States, in the attempt to evade the surrender of its financial monopoly, and almost came off conquerors. Cotemporaries are not strangers to the influences which powerful railroad corporations exert every winter, at Albany, corrupting and controlling the government of the great State of New York. There is a corporation in Maryland, whose revenues and resources are far larger, and whose employés are more numerous and devoted than those of the Commonwealth. In the provisional government of Virginia, this corporation of another State has actually wielded a power equal, or superior to, that of the true people of that once powerful and jealous Commonwealth. It is now no longer a strange thing to hear shrewd men explaining the action of legislative bodies, by the outside influences of powerful corporations. And, for a reason which will be unfolded anon, corporations may be expected to employ, for controlling rulers and legislators whom they wish to use, much more corrupt means, than their sense of decency would allow them to employ in support of individual applications. Thus the virtue of the government is contaminated, while its powers are perverted.

The eager longing of this age is for republican equality before the law. The people had suffered so much in the 17th and 18th centuries from the tyranny of kings and landed nobles, and had seen the evils of the old privileged classes so painfully, that their passion in the early part of this century has been for the abolition of feudal privileges, and equality before the law. Their craving is destined to be disappointed, through their own shortsightedness; and the enemy by which the great popular movement of the age is destined to be overthrown, is corporation. Out of these associations will be developed a new oligarchy, a hundred-fold more ruthless and insatiable, as it is a hundred-fold less respectable and venerable, than the landed aristocracy which the spirit of the age has swept away. The forms of the American commonwealths are extravagantly democratic; but already the true spirit of their government is that of oligarchy. Thus do extremes meet and generate each other. The assurance of this calamitous disappointment of the hopes and labors of a whole century is to be seen in this fact: that deceivers and deceived alike, monopolists and victims, are so devoted to mere material good, as to disdain an admonition drawn from higher considerations. The whole force of our argument,

and of all similar ones, better uttered by others, will undoubtedly be neutralized by the single assertion that these associations seem to present a more ready way to make money.

3. One prime motive of business men for preferring corporate to individual enterprise is, that the laws of these privileged associations authorize them to make the industrial adventure, and incur pecuniary obligations, without making their own property responsible therefor. Only the capital stock of the association is bound for the debts of the association: the corporators, acting in their combined capacity, may deliberately incur liabilities far beyond the assets of the association, and yet, under the plea of the distinction between their corporate, and their personal possession, may retain their wealth, while their just creditors demand their dues in vain. So licentious and flagrant has the legislation of many States become, that not content with incorporating these privileged plunderers by special act, in almost countless cases, they have even enacted general laws, by a sweeping clause enabling any persons to associate themselves into a firm or co-partnership, for the ostensible purpose of pursuing any business; to which firm the simple form of advertising gives this odious privilege of contracting debts without becoming responsible for their payment. The excuse is, in part, that the law requires them to advertise their capital stock; so that the business public is informed of the extent to which the firm is bound: and if they trust them farther, the fault is their own. The answer is, that if the privilege is unjust, as will be shown, the excuse is wholly inadequate. How audacious is the sophism, that the wrong of a transgressor may be made right by its publication beforehand? Besides, the legal person in these quasi corporations, to which the responsiblility for debt is limited, being purely artificial, when its visible assets are exhausted, there is nothing else against which the creditors can have their just resort. There is no actual person: *stat nominis umbra.*—Whence it is plain that this publication is not a fair and adequate protection of the business public.

The other plea is this: that it is an encouragement of enterprise, to enable some adventurous men to make experiment of efforts which may result in general advantage, without risking more than a definite part of their means. Were the privilege only granted to new and untried enterprises, this plea might be a little more plausible. But we see it extended to a thousand lines of business, as old as civilized society; in which, if any where, any man who is fit to meddle with them, can ascertain the prospects beforehand.—But the more full answer is, that such encouragement ought not to be given. It is neither for the financial nor moral advantage of society. The proper encouragement for enterprises which promise general advantage, and yet are hazardous because of novelty, is a cautious system of bounties, paid at the common expense. In all other cases, business adventure,

more reckless than a prudent regard for the adventurer's own private estate will justify, is mischievous, and only mischievous, and should be repressed, instead of stimulated. The interests of commerce loudly demand just the guarantee against reckless enterprise which is presented by the jeopardy of the adventurer's own estate. The thirst for adventure is always in excess: it is one of the keenest and most active propensities of the human heart.—When an ill-considered enterprise is carried on to disastrous results, if the adventurer is protected, other men are plundered of the means expended in the abortive experiment. He who made the blunder should pay the cost.—Otherwise it is iniquity: it is a radical injustice, which no considerations of policy can justify.

This suggests the moral effects of all these special privileges to business enterprises. These are deplorable in every aspect. The system, as we have seen, fosters recklessness, which is always akin to, and almost always gives occasion to dishonesty. It familiarizes the minds of all parties to results, which we have shown, are essential iniquities. The legalized plunderer, if he has a conscience, lives self-degraded by the retention of wealth which, he feels, belongs to his injured fellow men: they are tempted by the natural sense of indignation, to meditate redress by similar means; for has not the law itself, the very exponent of justice, countenanced them? Hence, in part, that growing absence of commercial integrity, that frightful dissolution of moral principle, of which we hear so much complaint, and which, we are told, has rendered the commercial marts of America like dens of wolves ravening for mammon.

4. One more evil influence of this system upon the virtue of society remains to be explained. Business combinations acting through officials have now been carried so far, that scarcely anything is done by men in their individual capacity. Do you want a parcel carried, by sea or land? It is not done for you by any individual ship-master, or carrier, acting under the moral restraints of a personal conscience and responsibility; but by an Express or Navigation "Company." Do you buy a pair of shoes? You do not get them from the shop of a shoe-maker: but of some "shoe-company," in Yankee land. Do you need a handful of nails? Some Iron company must be invoked to produce them. Do you wish your person transported? You commit it to a railroad company. So it is, to the end of the chapter. Now it was remarked by Sir Edward Coke, that "corporations have no souls," and the proposition is true in another sense than that of the legal abstraction which he meant to express. They have no moral sense: no conscience. Their own legal personality is artificial; and the moral responsibility of their acts is so sub-divided among the actual persons who compose the body, that it is felt no where. The executive hand of the body is a set of hired officials. These also divest themselves of moral

responsibility for the official acts: for are not these the acts of the corporation, which employs them as inanimate tools? The only influence which personal conscience has in them is to produce official fidelity to the interests of the corporation. Thus, the business code of all these associations has come to be as utterly heartless as though the world recognized no God, or right, or hell. Every shrewd man understands perfectly, when he has dealings with them, that they are to be expected to treat him no more justly than actual necessity, or selfish policy may dictate. The man who should hope for more at their hands, would be laughed at as a soft fool!

Thus this system of privileged combinations is an ingenious artifice, (as efficacious for the purpose as though invented for it,) for banishing conscience and hearty integrity out of the world. But our duty to God sets this interest of virtue in the first place. The very existence and well-being of society depends on its virtue. Or has the "cuteness" of this Yankee age exploded this, as a delusion of the dark ages? At all events, we find that Madison, Calhoun, Jackson, Washington, and Solomon believed it to be true. Hence the true statesman will, for this high and solemn consideration, always prefer individual to corporate action, where he is not driven to the latter by absolute necessity.

The crowning objection then, to this prevalent system is, that it is unfavorable to the virtue of society. It swells the volume of that flood of dishonesty, which threatens to dissolve the very foundations of the age, and plunge it into another chaos of barbarism. And this is the chief influence, by which the system manifests itself to the thoughtful mind, as the appointed destroyer of the constitutional free governments, and of the civilization of the 19th century. A little reflection, following out the hints given above, will convince the reader, that without the influences of this system at the North, the recent revolution, by which that people have destroyed the constitution of the United States could not have occurred.—Hitherto, the agency of the industrial combinations has been to promote, by manifold influences, political centralization. This is Act I. of the tragedy.

THE SEVEN PINES.

Fancied voices, as of ghosts speaking, when, of late, I heard the night-winds sweeping through the trees on the battle-field.

A SPIRIT.

Sad-hearted Southron, as you stray,
Like Sorrow's Ghost o'er fields of glory,
Where spectral forms, in weeds of gray,
Stand in your path or cross your way,
And wail, in witch-like voice, a story—
Why do you pause? 'Tis but a seeming—
A sigh of pines, or dead men dreaming!

1ST PINE—THE UNDAUNTED.

Pale pilgrim, list my sigh alone—
A dreary ceaseless monotone,
But, like the Surge on Sumter's shore,
It speaks where glory spoke before,
As unseen mortals who implore
From tree and flower and stone!
A hushed complaint is in the air—
Not told to men who do not dare
But to the winds which will be free
Despite of storm and tyranny!
'Tis whispered everywhere—
"Say not our cause is lost—was vain—
Or ghostly troops shall sweep the plain—
We'll fight the battles o'er again!
There's nothing lost where men will give
Their lives in honor's cause to live:
No tyrant can the dead control—
Who breaks the heart can't rule the soul!"

2ND PINE—THE CAUTIOUS.

'Tis man to man is most unjust,

And brother least his brother knows—
E'en those who say, "In God we trust,"
Their lying littleness disclose—
Man's nature leads him, right or wrong,
And oftimes "right" means "we are strong,"
Therefore beware our foes!

3RD PINE—THE COWARDLY.

Good pilgrim, there's no Summer air
Can still the voice that in me dwells,—
Its cry is all of dark despair,
And many a gloomy hap foretells,
All of the old "I told you so,"
Which turns to anguish every woe,
And not a cloud dispels.

4TH PINE—THE REPROACHFUL.

The craven cry of time who feels
The lesser woes of little life—
The coward's wailing, which reveals
The cause of war—the loss of strife—
The nothings, who, with failing hearts,
Invite the woes which tyrants give—
Who lack the honor which imparts
The claim to manhood—right to live—
Who fear to speak—who dare not die,
And shrink from kind Eternity!

5TH PINE—THE CHIVALROUS.

Who cannot suffer, cannot dare!
Misfortune may be everywhere,
But, while a free heart holds its home,
A spirit-glory makes sublime
Each stony road o'er which we roam—
It leads us into honor's clime—
Each noble deed it sanctifies
And makes the mind a paradise!

6TH PINE—THE SUFFERING.

Ah, kinder winds from Norway blow

Than o'er the constant Northern snow—
E'en Lapland lying like a ghost,
With pine trees singing her to sleep,
And night prevailing on her coast,
Awakes in tears when others weep!
And dreamy Egypt, in her bed,
With Love's-witch toying in her hair,
And love awake, and joy not sped,
Would, when she heard the cry—"Despair!"
Refuse her wild desires to leave—
Rush from her love-couch quick to save—
Weep out the passion in her eyes
O'er others dreadful destinies,
And arm her lover for the grave!

7TH PINE—THE HOPEFUL.

The stars, which seem like angels eyes,
So full of love and light and hope,
Still, hold their watch in quiet skies,—
And though in murky clouds we grope,
Bright day shall streak the night above,
And, as our foes shall act in love,
So shall our hearts resistance cease—
Hope smile, and Heaven accord us peace!
Not distant is that better time,
When all the orbs above shall seem
To light lost reason to each clime
And carry North the dead men's dream!

CHARLESTON, S. C. JOHN TEMPLETON.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

OUR breakfast was a silent, gloomy one. With difficulty I swallowed a cup of coffee. Even father ate in silence and with less appetite than usual. Mother bustled about providing for my comfort in her homely way, even laying up a store of her cake and biscuit, to be sent with my clothes to the Grove, supposing that the change would be felt less keenly with these little softenings. I remember noting how the clock ticked that morning on the high black mantel, the bright china ornaments and agricultural specimens that decked it also, the gay carpet with the rainbows running up and down, even the fire that crackled 'good night' upon the hearth; they all wore such a meaning look.

I think my parents felt this thing very deeply then. When first mentioned they had not realized it, and in the ambition of seeing their daughter mistress of the Grove, bearing the aristocratic Chauncey name, they had lost sight of the attendant unhappiness that such exaltation must bring with it to their child.

In his heart I believe my father anathematized the hour in which he had referred the matter to myself, to my judgment which he had assisted as he thought by his own opinion,—and mother's eyes were swollen with tears as she moved about, impatiently handling her much prized treasures. Father was fretful and cross, more so than I had ever seen him.

I almost swooned when mother's trembling hands arrayed me for the ceremony. My dress was a plain, gray silk, for I wished to look as little like a bride as possible, not to taunt him there at the altar with a raiment that would remind him of her who was to have stood beside him, whom his aching heart yet called for with outraged, yet clinging, intense adoration. I wore a mantle and bonnet of the same hue, a delicate blue wreath around the face.

"You look very pale, daughter," said father, "don't be frightened, my dear child."

He said nothing more, but I could see that he was moved in his blunt way. That was his way of showing grief always; an effort to conceal it under a rough, blunt manner, which, unconsciously to himself, softened into tenderness on this morning.

When the carriage was at the door,—only the sight of their almost angry reluctance gave me strength to enter it—my inward agitation was terrible.

I looked around me. It was a showery April morning, alternately sunshine and a light, sprinkling rain that did not always obscure the sun-beams which shone through it in glimmering, broken radiance as pleasure and sorrow so

* Continued from page 504, vol. 4.

near together in our human life; the washed sky coming out fresh and blue after the weeping process.

I never heard the birds sing more sweetly, or loved the violets as well. As I passed to the carriage I trod inadvertently upon a daffodil that moved a little farther than the rest in a clump, and crushed it to the ground. Almost weeping—I didn't want *them* to see me weep—I stooped to put it in its place again, supporting it among the others, for it grieved me that my last act at home was to crush the life from one of my innocent friends.

Seated in the carriage I glanced back into the dear bright old *home* room. The fire was smouldering on the hearth, the ashes had rolled down between the sparkling brass and were scattered over the bricks,—mother's great horror.—The tea-pot yet simmered among them, the coffee sent up a faint steam from the dear old pot that my hands had rubbed so often; the table standing just as of old, and the great sideboard beyond. All those dear simple objects I noted as father took his seat and the carriage rolled away, just catching a farewell glimpse of the clock, pointing to half past seven, the table and the china between the portals of the door, as we wheeled around and rode off.

We were to meet them at the church. It was a melancholy looking procession; my parents with me, the boys in another carriage. I have no space to linger over the details, the remarks of that morning; my little brothers' opposition and wondering surmises, the servants' also; it would make my story, which I wish as simple as possible, too long. I had bidden them a hasty adieu, too hasty to listen even to their well wishes, or their expressions of surprise which they had understood from the first that I did not desire.

Very few remarks were made during our ride; mother alone interrupting the silence by some motherly warnings about my health, my wardrobe and other little matters that a mother alone would think of, caring for me in a way that made me more conscious than I had ever been of the love she bore me and I her. When we have blessings, the usual ones that God gives us, how little conscious we are of their value, till they are removed from us—a hackneyed remark, yet ever new as long as the world stands—they are so wound about our being, so entangled in our heart-strings that we scarcely know of their possession till the strings are broken and the loved object withdrawn. Ah! no one cared for me as she did, though no congeniality and scarcely a tie save that of parent and child, existed between us.

When the town drew in sight, I trembled and sank back in the intense desire for escape, and when mother said, "The Grove carriage is there," I could have torn open the door by me and run through the fields away; anything to escape seeing him then.

My eyes were closed!—oh! if I could only keep them so. I knew when the carriage stopped where we were. I heard father help mother out.

"Come, Mary, get out," my father took hold of me with unusual tenderness in his touch, "child, you *must* get out."

I had grown very faint, but I allowed him to help me; I knew that the other gentlemen were near, but they thought that father would do best just then, I suppose, at least the elder one did, and alighted at the gate where Adéle had done before me in her splendor of dress and beauty.—Mr. Chauncey saluted me, then took me up to Alfred, who stood a pace or two off.

Did he speak to me? I do not know. I knew only that he was there, that Mr. Chauncey released my hand and placed it in Alfred's arm, who could not fail then to perceive my extreme agitation.—I felt him look down at me; he was not lost, as he deemed himself, to all human feeling.

"Poor child," he muttered, with an accent of pity in his dry, hollow tones, "I am most truly sorry for your fate."

Agitated as I was I could scarcely keep the tears from flowing.—But he had spoken kindly to me, and suddenly I was wonderfully supported. Like a drooping plant I revived under this drop, and entered the church with a firmer step. One furtive glance at Alfred's face showed me his wild, despairing eye, his wan, ghastly visage. It will be mine to draw him from this, I whispered to myself, though this scene adds to his torture now. Oh! my Father, give me strength, trembling and awed as I am.

There was no one in the church; the early hour and the secrecy with which it had been conducted preventing all intrusion. The clergyman was already there, standing before the chancel rail in his white robes. It was no time for thought. Like an automaton I moved with him up the aisle, banishing feeling which would have broken down all composure; he equally lifeless from a writhing sense of mockery he was engaged in.

But a few steps and we stood before the altar—a few words,—was it possible?—pronounced us man and wife.

Bewildered, I left the altar with him, was rejoined by our parents, received their silent kisses.

"Good-bye. God bless you, my child," said Mr. Chauncey, embracing me cordially. "Take care of my boy," he whispered, "bear with him for a while; your sweetness and skill cannot fail to bring him around. Farewell."

He stepped into the carriage, that was waiting to conduct him to the boat, and was gone.

It was scarcely a farewell from my parents, our homes were so near, when they placed me in the Grove state carriage. How strange!—the same that had so often held the queenly Mrs. Chauncey and her fashionable guests.

We were alone then. I looked up in his face when I had gathered courage. It was stern and gloomy, his brows contracted, his eyes looking far away through the window, as if he saw nothing around him in his absent gaze.

The ride was but a few miles. Once he glanced towards me, his eye softening at the expression of my face as I sat trembling and

timid at his side, and he spoke, again with that accent of pity in his tone.

"Poor child! you chose unwisely. I wish for your sake that it had been otherwise."

He seemed to regard me but as a child, and I felt unable every way to correct the impression. I had no power to move or show vitality at that moment, for the passiveness of a dream had come over me and I quietly suffered everything, went through every form in that state of half-unconsciousness. Such a bridal pair! I looked from my window, he from his. I noted the woods, the waving wheat fields, the sloping banks and the meadows as we rode along, thinking that each one as it appeared brought us to our destination. I was glad, for I longed to be rid of this oppressive silence and stiffness and to be about my duties.

At last it came in sight. I mind the stately avenue well, the waving poplars and chestnuts, sweeping over the roof of the carriage as we drove under their overhanging boughs, the bold sweep of the lawn up to the imposing portico.

There was no one to welcome me; all had a silent, gloomy, deserted air, lacking the life-giving presence of a mistress. Desolation appeared to have swept over the scene, leaving the objects there, but taking away the life from them. I remember noting as we drove up that one of the shutters on the cupola, hung loose in its hinges and slammed to and fro in the breeze, a sign of decay.

With the courteousness he would have shown to a stranger, nothing more, Alfred assisted me to alight, conducted me up the steps into the hall, where one or two of the old family servants, who had not been dismissed met us.

"Where is Melissa?" asked their young master of these.

They went to summon her and presently a bright looking mulatto woman of middle age presented herself.

"Show this lady her apartments," he said to her, "and see that she has every comfort and attention."

"Your servant, missy," she replied with a low curtsey, "I'll show you the room that old master had fixed for you."

"Pardon me," said Alfred to me in a low tone. "I—I go to make some arrangements. See that you are obeyed and cared for, and—be as happy as you can." He turned away choked with emotion.

"Do not fear for me," I found voice to say, "I will take care of myself."

He looked relieved and turned away. I followed the old woman up the broad staircase, my feet seeming to tread upon air as I ascended by such easy grades, accustomed as I was to the narrow, winding stairs at home, with their short, stumping steps.

A broad, handsome passage, with the doors from various apartments opening upon it, received me at the head of the strairs.

"Master had this room prepared for you, madam," said Melissa with old time courteousness. She opened a door as she spoke and introduced me into a large, elegant apartment, stately in old fashioned furniture.

"This room was ——?" I asked and hesitated.

"A company room, madam," she curtseyed again, "Missis' room is locked up now and master gave me the key to give to you."

She produced it as she spoke, and I took it half hesitatingly as if I had no right for it to be surrendered to me, internally marveling at the strange chain of circumstances that had given me such right in Mr. Chauncey's house, the right to hold that key as Alfred's wife. My face I felt to crimson at the thought as the old domestic looked at me, and I wished most earnestly to be alone that I might recover from the confusion I was afraid of showing in her presence.

She was too well trained, however, to intrude long, and interpreting my diffidence, I suspect, showed me the various conveniences of the apartment, offering to unpack my trunks and arrange the dresses in the wardrobe; showed me the bell, then with another curtsey asked my permission to retire. I must have shown myself most unsophisticated, for in answer to her inquiries concerning this and that thing to be done, I could hardly conceal my ignorance, with difficulty understanding her terms.

Old master, she said, had ordered dinner at such an hour today, would I have it always at that time? and did I like this thing or that thing? she went through the whole vocabulary of French cookery till I was bewildered.

Most relieved was I to be left alone, to be allowed time to breathe and collect my thoughts.

The servant had disposed of my bonnet and mantle, so there was nothing for me to do but to think.

Think! how could I do that? In his house—alone there with him! Where was he? and what was he doing now that his unwelcome, unloved bride was there?

His coldness—did it hurt me? No, no, I could expect nothing else. I clasped my hands over the aching heart and walked about the room.

Rich silk curtains swept over the windows. Putting one aside, I looked out over the lawn, trying to catch a glimpse of him without whom I cared for nothing there.

He did not appear and the hours grew long and wearisome. I had nothing to do, was tired of the same room, yet too shy to show myself alone in the lower apartments, to be stared at by the servants, or perhaps encounter my—my husband—I could not whisper the word to myself as yet—for I dreaded meeting him as if I was an intruder or a spy upon his grief, interfering with his privileges of home.

Noon had advanced and I was sitting disconsolately at the window, my hands folded upon my knee, when there was a knock at the door. Upon my giving permission to enter, Melissa came in with a waiter of refreshments.

"Young master says, wont you have something to eat, Madam?" she said, dropping her usual curtsey.

"He? did young Mr. Chauncey

send you here?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, Madam, he rang the bell to see if you was properly attended to, Miss, and I told him how I'd see to you."

"Where is he?" I asked breathlessly, "I thought—" here I checked myself in what I was about to add.

"In his own room, Madam."

Now that I knew I could hear the distant beat of a restless foot pacing the floor.

"Is he not coming out?—does he want nothing?" I asked, too eager for information to observe my usual taciturnity where he was concerned.

"No, Madam, he wants nothing. I begged him to eat, but he just waved me off with his hands and I daren't say another word, so jest come out."

"Did he—did he look sick, or very badly?"

"Well, Miss, he didn't look no worse than he has done ever since —these times."

"He ordered this, you say?"

"Yes, Miss, he rang the bell and I went to see what he wanted, 'cause I was his nurse and loved him like my own child. He stopped in his walk and said, 'Let the young lady want for nothing. See that she is attended to, and take her some refreshments,' then waved me off and I had to come."

I painfully swallowed a morsel. "Take this away," I said and walked again to the window that she might not witness my emotion. When alone I indulged in a burst of tears. I longed to go to him. Why could I not? I had the right given me that morning by the priestly sanction. Ah! the offer of the universe could not have tempted me to invade the privacy of that chamber. Oh! those long dreary, sickening hours! I wanted to see home and parents, my dear little pets and flowers—yet still that closed door contained what was more precious to me than all, and the right of being there was enough to make me happy of itself.

I suddenly resolved not to remain there a prisoner any longer; and hearing a singular beating sound outside my door, I went and opened it. To my surprise, Leo, our old house dog, sprang up and greeted me with a joyful bark, putting his paws on my shoulders and rubbing his shaggy head against my dress.

I was pleased and affected, delighted at seeing a familiar, loving face in my strange, cold home. I constituted him at once my companion, and felt protection from strangers in his affectionate society, so putting my hand on his rough head, we went solemnly down stairs together to survey the premises. I had gathered some courage to move about now that I was certain of not encountering Alfred who was in his room and not being considered an intruder.

When we got down stairs I timidly opened the dining-room door. It was as it had been when I supped there in childish years. Melissa was there arranging some glass on the sideboard.

"Would'nt you like me to show you where the things is kept, madam?" she suggested.

"Yes," I replied, "I partly came for that."

She showed me the great side-

board with its handsome contents, where the silver was kept, its various arrangements,—then took me in the parlor. How grand it looked to my unsophisticated eyes! Many a rich piece of needlework was there, embroidered by the hands of the late unfortunate lady of the house. The rosewood furniture with their seats of royal purple velvet were covered with linen, but the splendid carpet of so many brilliant, beautiful dyes that it was hard to distinguish the predominating one, save the rich background of shaded purple, gave the room a lively look. In the corner were marble statuettes and on the low, pure white mantel were lofty alabaster vases of the Etruscan shape. In the centre of the room stood a table of peculiarly rich workmanship, the legs of which formed a lily with the broad leaves folding so as to support the slab of marble at the top. On the centre of this stood an alabaster vase with carved lilies arising from its brim, so exquisitely delicate and pure that I was lost in admiration of its sculpture. A golden goblet with Alfred's name stood on one side, a purple velvet Bible with golden clasps on the other of this beautiful ornament. Melissa had thrown the windows open for me to see. It had not been done before, she said, since Mrs. Chauncey's death.

"To tell the truth," she added, "we didn't take much care of nothin. We heard old master was broke, and all we had to be scattered, so we thought the house, furniture, and everything belonging here, would be done just so by, so we let the things go."

"Are you glad that it is not as you expected?" I asked.

"Yes, miss, I am. 'Cause it's hard to be driven from your old home where ye expect to end your days, to go along of strangers. We was all glad when old master told us to let things go on as usual, that we was not to go. We all love Mars Alfred, and like to live with him—for he's a mighty good young man, for all that—treated him so. Then old master told us yesterday who was comin', so we was glad of that too, for we thought, maybe it'ud save young master, and make him forget that—"

At these blanks she shook her head till her bright turban almost fell off, expressing indignation and disgust so strongly as her features were capable of.

I went to the low window where that young, beautiful pair stood seven years ago, he with his boyish admiration, she in her loveliness and girlish coquetry. What changes had passed over them—over us all since. I, who had watched them so wistfully then, so insignificant in my plainness beside the budding beauty, the elegant heir, was now the mistress of that home, saved by my patrimony from the hands of the law. But—alas! I was insignificant still—a bride who had not seen the bridegroom since directly after the ceremony. I felt no exultation, but so thankful that my money had saved it. I looked from the window on the noble scene, the smooth, green turf of the lawn just below with the trunks of the stately trees arising from it at intervals, to the iron trellis-work

that formed the entrance to the garden, some forty yards distant, and I loved it all for his sake. If he but loved me, I sighed, how happy I would be, here, with so much that is beautiful to gratify my tastes. To see this, and do for him what I can, is all that I can have for comfort. But—oh! so much sweeter than that life-long desolation I feared.

"Would'nt you like to see the pantry, missy?" asked Melissa, who had been uncovering some things.

"To think of missis' work bein' sold," she added reflectively, looking on the result of her operations.

"It would have been a sorrowful thing," I replied, "I am ready to look elsewhere now."

We went to the store-room, where my practised eye discovered much that was wanting, and which I inwardly resolved to supply from our own abundant one at home, to the pantry, a small china shop in its way, with splendid glass and porcelain, ranged on its shelves down to the homelier and more useful articles for furnishing the table, to the dairy, (I suspect she thought I felt myself at home there for the first time) to the ground rooms where various articles were stored away, showing me the use of each, and familiarising me with them.

There were many things amiss which must be rectified in the future, I thought, and addressed her several observations which proved my competency, in that respect, at least, for assuming the post of mistress,

Then Leo and I took a walk on the lawn and about the garden.—How vivid it all was—the scene of the past. Adéle and her boy lover.

But it was too painful and I would not let my thoughts dwell upon it,so I turned them as quickly as I could.

The garden was sadly neglected;—many of the vines had fallen down and were trailing about the paths destitute of leaves, and the rose bushes were scraggy where the branches showed themselves through a wilderness of beauty blushing around them.

I paused before some magnificent pinks of every hue, from crimson to white spotted with rose color and hyacinths, to pull up the weeds that were choking their growth. This I did in several places, feeling greatly relieved at having something to do. Then we wandered about the walks, up and down the violet banks, shaded with a grove of horse chestnuts, firmly bound together with gigantic grape vines, that ran network along the border for some space on the left garden boundary. It was a queer garden when you left the first, regularly planned borders, surprising you with quaint little nooks where the vinework formed a most unexpected arbor, or a rill gushed out at the base of a flowery, sloping bank. A great, thick hedge of yews formed its termination, between the stems of which now torn asunder and sadly neglected, I could see a field of wheat beyond. Here the rill dashed from a stone basin into this part of the garden, rippling away half concealed until it joined

that nearer the centre. I washed my hands, soiled with the earth I had shaken from the plants, and Leo and I proceeded to the lawn.

The slanting rays of the sun were gilding its rich, green surface, or sinking into luxurious softness where the long shadows of the trees lay. I felt no longer alone as I drank in nature's beauty; while lingering there the sunbeams warmed me into love for it all, and my heart turned with redoubled affection to the poor, lonely sufferer above.

The old waiter that I had seen before, came out just then with his white apron on and the tray under his arm as he had done seven years before to so different a party.

"Dinner is ready, madam," he said with great solemnity.

Will *he* be there, thought I, as I retraced my steps to the door. Surely I shall see him now. Yet, though my heart beat with intense anxiety to see him, I felt afraid to encounter his eye and shy of meeting him as the mistress of his house. To sit at the head of his table—oh! I should sink through the floor.

As my foot touched the bottom step, a hand reached forward and raising my startled eyes, I met Alfred's dark, stern gaze.

"You have been lonesome?" he said questioningly. "I pity you, but know of no consolations to offer."

He console, when he looked as if he had been wrestling with despair! Oh! he did not know that the inability to console him was my greatest trouble, what was my loneliness to that!

I did not tell him so but stupidly stammered, "I—I—did not care."

His face grew darker still. "To be tied to such a woman with neither sense nor feeling," no doubt was his reflection. He turned off with an air which I interpreted. "But then it's better as it is," and took his seat at the foot of the table, while I timidly took the other seat, placed for me at the head.

For the first time I presided over Mrs. Chauncey's table. The old waiter stood there to serve, I uncertain whether to be glad or sorry for his presence. Alfred helped me with an absent, though courteous air, placed something upon his own plate which he scarcely touched, then seemed lost in thought, from which he started once or twice to say something to me, the attempt failing him before the words were formed upon his lips. When all the courses had been gone through with, the old waiter placing and removing them with equal solemnity, he arose, perceiving my hesitation and came near me.

"Will you go out on the porch?" he said offering me his arm. "The resources of your house, you know, are at your own command, for whatever you want or desire to do."

Oh! that miserable timidity! I was so nervously in awe of him that I could scarcely speak. I could not act with the dignified courtesy that he did and his coldness sealed my lips from all expression of my feelings. So I took his arm and suffered him to lead me out on the porch, the sun just disappearing behind the forest

trees as I took the seat he handed me.

He remained with me, but looking so gloomy with his brow still contracted, his lips compressed as ever and his arms folded as if to still some tempest that was raging in his breast.

"I wished it was in my power to show you greater kindness," he said at last without relaxing his brows, "but my gloom and my desolation are all I have left in this world."

Surely I could say something now, when he looked upon it all as mine, relieved by *my* money, could tell him that it was his thrice over and would still be were I a beggar for his sake, but no ——.

Glancing towards the lawn, I saw my parents approaching the house. A look of intense disgust and aversion came over Alfred's face. "Coming to take possession in right of the newly married daughter and act the parents-in-law already," it seemed to say.

But he descended the steps and met them with cold, grave courtesy; that of a gentleman, nothing more.

I think mother was chilled at the outset; she certainly did not make herself at home, and appeared somewhat fidgety. I met them affectionately, but my own manner was restrained in Alfred's presence, so that none of the party were at ease except father, whose own free manner was partly put on, I believed.

"Fine grazing ground, Mr. Chauncey. Going to turn your cattle in there?" he asked, referring to a field he had just passed by.

"I do not know, sir," replied Alfred, haughtily, "it has not been a subject of consideration with me at all."

"Then I'd advise you to be seeing about it. It's time if you're going to do any thing with your place this year."

I could see that Alfred writhed in an agony of impatience at this infliction, and to spare him, I engaged them both in home matters which successfully diverted father from his attack. He darted at me the first grateful glance I had received from him, and, unable to endure his torture longer, he disappeared before they had missed his presence. I longed to follow, to go to him and try to comfort him in my feeble way! I felt almost that I had the power just then, my love and sympathy were so intense. I hated too to be alone with my parents who I knew would question me on the most delicate point.

"Why, Mary, that husband of yours is'nt much like a groom," commenced my father, leaning forward.

"You *must* be lonesome here," observed mother, significantly, looking through the door into the hall.

"I'm afraid he's not a going to do much with my money," pursued father, "I could'nt get a word of sense out of him. What *does* he intend to do?"

"He need'nt make himself such a fool over that girl," responded mother, "she was a heartless jilt and I know my Mary will come up to her in many things, and two

or three times her worth besides." She shook her head decidedly.

"Oh! never mind him now, mother," I besought her tearfully, "he loved her so, and suffered so dreadfully."

"Plague on it all!" exclaimed father, shaking the ashes from the pipe he had been indulging in since Alfred's departure, "but if ever a woman had treated me so when I was a sharp young blade, I'd a seen her to Jericho before I'd a wasted all my days crying over her. There's an old saying about crying over spilt-milk, which it seems your young man has'nt learnt yet, Mary."

To hear him spoken of in this fashion! My blood tingled with mortified indignation. What had I, or my family, to expect of one who had honestly told me the consequences of accepting him! Then the indelicacy of discussing his affairs as if I had been a chosen wife, and of assuming the air of a father-in-law over him who had not made the slightest acknowledgement of his right to that title.

If he had overheard him—and I was miserably afraid that the open doors and windows of a warm Spring evening would convey the sound to his ears—I believe he would have fled the premises forever,

"Well, husband, it's getting late, and I must get home to see that the cows are milked," said mother, rising. "Mary, child, come home every day, it is'nt likely but what you'll be lonesome here. Well, never mind," she added, seeing how I shrank back, maybe he'll come round in time, after while."

I said nothing, but bade them both an affectionate farewell.—Then they left me, walking along in their quiet, sober way, and, no doubt, talking about Mary's present forlorn prospects.

I saw no more of Alfred that evening. He had fled, locked and double locked himself up in his own apartment. The evening air was chilly, so I went in the house after my parents left, and staid in the dark, lonely parlor, till night came with its gloomy shadows that fell on the walls and the sombre furniture till it looked like the ghosts of those who had once been there.

The portrait of Alfred's mother stared out from the darkness, the moonlight as it fell upon her proud, handsome features, seeming to give them life till I almost fancied she looked at me, the plebeian usurper of her rights, frowningly. If she had lived, this would never have been, I could not help thinking. She would have said, "come poverty, come privations, but no alliance of our proud blood with that of common clod-hoppers, my head shall be loftier than ever, for my pride is the last thing left me." Alfred was a blended likeness of both parents, deriving his dark eyes and short upper-lip from his mother, his light hair, and complexion, from his father.

A chill crept over me as I gazed at her face, I fancied she would speak to me, her eyes appeared to follow me so, and the long black shadows around the wall seemed to creep nearer. I

longed for some living creature to be near. Even Leo had trotted off after mother and father. I was so entirely alone. Not a sound disturbed the silence, save the distant echo from the kitchen, or the cry of some fowl as it went to roost.

As quickly as my trembling limbs would take me I ran from the parlor, closed the door on its ghostly occupants, on the darkness and gathering gloom, and sought for relief in the fresh air. They had closed and barred the front door, so I did not disturb it. The moonlight was streaming in at one of the great windows. I stood there gazing out till I heard footsteps approaching. It was Melissa with a light in her hand.

"Here's your lamp, missy," she said, "I've just been filling it with oil or I'd a brought it to you before. What time do you want breakfast, to-morrow?"

"What time does Mr. Chauncey usually have his?"

"Laws a massy! miss, he do'nt keer, if it's Mars Alfred you mean. He comes any time or no time."

"Let it be at nine then to-morrow."

I took the light from her and went to my room. For a long time I sat at one of the windows, watching the play of the moonbeams on the scene, and thinking of my life—what it was to be. I could not see at present, what my duties were, what I must do, or could do. To be sure that was but the close of the first day, a most dreary one, but were all to be like that—nothing to do, weariness and vacuity? Time would develope and I must patiently wait. In the meantime I was at hand for whatever should be needed, there to tend and soothe if I could, or work for him in other ways should his present condition require it. With that consolation I retired to rest.

But I did not rest. All was quiet—so quiet till, wearily tossing upon an uneasy couch, I heard a sound.

Was it the wind? It grew louder. No, it was a human voice, as in agony; deep, terrible sobs and long drawn sighs as if a heart would break at each.

This was maddening; I could endure it no longer. Wringing my hands in passionate sorrow, I sprang from my bed and opened the door. His room was several doors from mine. I could hear him pacing the floor with rapid steps. Throwing myself on his sill, I sat there wringing my hands and weeping bitterly as I listened to agony, for how could I rest upon my couch while he, whom I loved better than all the world, was enduring such suffering? How he must have loved her! and I did not wonder, for her every look or movement was fascination. Such a passion as she could inspire must be intense. Then to be discarded so, after her professions of attachment, to be deceived where he had placed every hope in life, received by an attachment that was more than hopeless; everything about him connected with her image, it must have torn up his heart's roots to sever them from her. To be without her he had to live life over again; to crush her intoxicating loveliness from his soul, to begin a new ex-

istence divested of all thought of her. How miserably impossible that was, I knew—alas!—by bitter experience. I felt too that on that particular night his misery was intensely aggravated by the day's occurrences; how scornfully he was picturing to himself the plebeian, senseless bride, that his father had brought him, her vulgar old parents who could come so conveniently and intrude upon his grief, almost taking possession in right of the wrong they had spent upon the home of his ancestors; so different from the beautiful, high born bride, the elegant, cultivated circle of friends and connections that he would have lived in with her, she dispensing the honors of his house as an accomplished lady, what I never can be, I thought, weeping sorrowfully, I am so shy and so very, very timid.

So I set there and listened to the heavy step pacing backwards and forwards, starting with terror as he approached the door, fearful that he would open it suddenly and discover me there; longing to go to him and whisper consolation, yet doing all I could—weeping with him.

At last he threw himself exhausted on a couch; nature had resumed her sway and I could perceive by his deep breathing that he slept the sleep of weariness. Then I crept back to my room and slept till daylight. When I awoke the next morning it was with a disposition to look from my little window at home to see the sun's rays mantling the east with the warm blushes of sunrise, but the light coming in broadly from a different direction, I turned my startled eyes and saw it stealing through the embroidered curtains of four lofty windows. I lay for some time looking around me, wondering to find myself there and unable to realize that it was all true, that this was Alfred's home, and mine also now—*our* home, but no blissful dual unity as of a married pair. Alas! no "we" and "our" existed for us; so near and yet so far apart were we. I arose, threw on a white morning wrapper and went down stairs. A desire to do something for *him* overcame my timidity and I resolved to venture upon my prerogative as mistress at once.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"TELL THE BOYS I'M COMING SOON."

BY J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

I was just well enough to leave the hospital to repair to my command. In passing out I stopped to bid a sick comrade adieu. I found the poor fellow was dying. He took my hand in his, and, with a last effort, whispered: "Tell the boys I'm coming soon!"—*Letter from Atlanta*, 1864.

Where a hundred sick and dying
  Groaned in agony and pain,
While the whizzing shells were flying
  Fast as comes the pelting rain,
Was a soldier quickly straying
  Into death's remorseless swoon,
Still he woke up firmly saying—
  "Tell the boys I'm coming soon!"

"Did you hear it not? the rattle
  Of the canister—the crash!
Hear the furious peals of battle,
  See the cannon's lightning flash!
God of Heaven! my bosom's swelling,
  Beating to the bullets' tune!
Listen to their distant yelling—
  'Tell the boys I'm coming soon!'

"Have they fought another battle?
  I must be with them—I must!
God! there's music in its rattle
  As the foemen bite the dust!
Tell the boys to strike for freedom!
  'Tis of Heaven the priceless boon,
Tell all freemen that we need 'em—
  'Tell the boys I'm coming soon!'"

Fast the soldier now was sinking,
Like the setting of the day,
Still his mind was dreaming, thinking,
Of the boys who wore the grey;
And with one strong effort sighing,
Ere he fell in Death's last swoon,
Still he said as he was dying—
"Tell the boys I'm coming soon!"

Coming quickly, coming blandly,
Rising up beyond the skies,
Marching onward, marching grandly,
To the gates of Paradise!
Tell the dead who've gone before him
He has won the holy boon,
Tell the saints who still watched o'er him—
Tell all Heaven he's coming soon!

MODEL HOUSEKEEPING,

OR

NELLY RANDOM'S DINNER PARTY.

"HALLOO! NELLY, come down, quick, sweetheart, I want you in the parlor"—and Frank Random, standing at the foot of the stairs, turned up his handsome, flushed face, as if expecting to see "Nelly" running down at once, obedient to his commands,—but he looked in vain for she did not come. Now Frank was not the most patient individual alive, so he did not wait long, but taking four steps at a stride, was soon at the door of his wife's room, muttering, as he dashed on this headlong course up stairs.

"No wonder she cannot hear me through that infernal din in the nursery. Nelly, where are you, child?"

And he slammed open their chamber door, but she was not there. Slightly ruffled at this unexpected chance of missing her when he was in haste, for his friends must leave in half an hour on the noon train—and Frank being very proud of his handsome young wife, wanted this old college chum to have a glance at her *en passant*—he broke through the nursery where Betty was shrieking "John Brown's body" to the baby.

"Confound it all!" he shouted "*can't* you stop that yelling for a moment and tell me where your Miss Nelly is?"

Poor Betty stopped with her mouth half open, and stared at him aghast—for, being generally good natured, she wondered what had happened to put "Massa Frank" in such a fret—and then stammered out—

"I b'leves Miss Nelly's in de kitchen, sir. I's ben a singin de baby to sleep, and never heered you callin."

"Singing! the devil you were. Why don't you know such an infernal noise as that is enough to keep *forty* babies awake, let alone one? Halloo! Posey! glad to see papa, aren't you?" and he tossed the plump rosy thing until she laughed and crowed with delight! "Come little one, let's go to the parlor. Where's master Eddie?"

"In de kitchen long a his ma, I spec—he follered her down dar."

"And what in the thunder is your mistress doing in the kitchen?"

"Don't know, Massa Frank," and Betty grinned. "She's took a monstrous likin to de kitchen lately, peers like she's heap fonder of it den she was—shill I go and tell her you wants her?"

"No, I'll go for her myself.—Come, let's hunt up mama, Posey," and off went Frank, with his baby, down stairs, through the diningroom and pantry to a little back passage adjoining the kitchen, where a most unexpected, and, to his refined taste, not very pleasant tableau was presented to his astonished gaze; for, being summer, the kitchen door stood open; and there was his beautiful Nelly, with sleeves rolled up, scouring away at something, he could not tell whether it was tin, pewter, or silver, and he did not care, for the mere fact of his wife, a lady born and bred, doing menial work, set Frank Random's aristocratic blood in a fever of indignation, and he called out in a tone of voice less gentler than she had ever heard from him before—

"Nelly, my child, what *are* you about? Come quickly to the parlor, an old friend of mine is waiting there to see you, and must be off in a few moments."

"Mercy, Frank, don't look so cross, I am only helping Aunt Cloe to clean up a little; stop Eddie, you'll tear mama's apron, just let me go and smooth my hair, and I'll be all right for the parlor." And Nelly pulling down her sleeves, and wiping the moisture from her flushed face with a delicate cambric handkerchief, smiled at her husband as she passed him to go up stairs.

"All right indeed! no you won't, he replied, clucking her under the chin. Your face is as red as blazes, go on though—it can't be helped now, we will discuss this kitchen freak of yours anon young lady.

"Aunt Cloe" as soon as Nell was out of hearing—"what brings her here?"

"De Lord knows, I spec sum of dem tarin down old housekeepers bin got after her, Mas Frank, I wish de debble had um, and I's mighty glad you disproves of it sir, for she bothers me mightily, dese here *raal* quality ladies (like Miss Nelly,) don't

know nothin on de Lord's earth about work, dey always hinders us niggers when dey pertends to help! yah! yah! yah! it makes me laugh to see sich a putty creetur as dat fussin round and tryin to do what dem old hard reasoned house-keepers tells her she ought to do—last-ways, I spec dey dun it, can't say for sartin, she's jist took to it dis las week!

"Very likely, said Frank" as he nodded to Aunt Cloe, and walked off—"but I'll put a stop to it."

Nelly smoothed her hair, and was a little provoked that the flush did not disappear the moment she looked in the glass, but after giving her cheeks and forehead two or three gentle taps with the powder puff, and laughing her light careless laugh, at the memory of Frank's troubled look, when he caught her in the kitchen—away she ran to the parlor.

"Well, what do you think of my Nelly, Bob?" said Frank Random, as they turned off from his pretty cottage home.

"Very handsome! by George, she *is a stunner!* but I was somewhat astonished to find her so *florid;* you told me she was pale!"

"And so she *is*—curse such luck—as white as a lily, scarcely ever has a tinge of color, or if any, just enough to be *perfect*, but when we came in, where do you suppose I found her?

"Don't know, working with the baby, I suppose, that is generally the occupation of feminines when there's a baby on hand."

"No indeed—worse than that—she was actually in the kitchen, my dear fellow, scrubbing and tearing away at some infernal old tin pot or another. I'm afraid one or more of these fussy old house-keepers have been tampering with her innocent ignorance of such matters, and inoculating her brain with the neatness mania—*confound* such meddlesome old frumps say I, they are a nuisance in any community, cramming every young house-keeper they meet with their absurd notions of rubbing and scrubbing and sweeping and scouring, from Monday morning to Saturday night. I swear, it makes me perfectly savage to think of my elegant, refined, beautiful Nelly, having all her elegance, refinement, and beauty, coarsened by the horrible housekeeping disease, well nigh as fatal to good looks as the small-pox, and which too often transforms our young American ladies into coarse, middle-aged women, with rough red hands, no longer fit for the piano, or harp, or to dress and adorn their children for that matter. A lady should confine her usefulness to lady-like duties and employments, not coarsen herself by menial labor, unless poverty compels it, and then, of course, one must submit to the annoyance of seeing a diamond, or pearl, or ruby (as the case may be) sullied with smut and dust, consoled by the hope that if it be a real gem, and no sham, the dirt will not stick to its perfect polish!

"Halloo! Frank," said his friend, laughing, "you are turning lecturer—don't fret about your Nelly, she is a real *jewel*, and won't

collect much dust: refined natures are not easily coarsened, and by analyzing the composition of those fussy, fretting, hard-working housewives (or young ones either for that matter) you would be very apt to discover a strong run of vulgarity near the surface, the vulgarity of *birth* which neither association or education can ever entirely refine. Your Nelly is more the real lady in the kitchen, scrubbing tin pots and pans, with sleeves rolled up and apron on, aye, even with a flushed face and soiled hands, than the tiresome old body who incited her to such absurd proceedings—robed in royal velvet and lounging in a splendid drawingroom. Yet I agree with you that it's very provoking to see a young beauty spoiling her hands and complexion by doing kitchen work, when there is no necessity for it, and I would put a summary stop to such proceedings!"

"By George!" exclaimed Frank, "I think this infernal hot weather ought to put a summary stop to Nell's foolish kitchen craze, but now that I've caught her at it, old Mrs. Fiddle-faddle, or the Lord knows who, may whistle up her new pupil in vain; when Random meets Particular, 'then comes the tug of war.' I don't mean to have my authority set at naught by a nest of fussy old gossips, and will route old Fuzzle-guzzle or die for it—whip her in a fair fight if necessary, and you shall hear the results. *Au revoir.*" And Bob Moore was whistled off on the express train while Frank sauntered home vowing vengeance against meddlers as a class, and one in particular, he did not exactly know who, but intended to find out; yes that he would!

CHAPTER II.

"Lord bless my soul, but ain't I glad massa Frank done been here and called Miss Nelly out of *my* kitchen?" exclaimed aunt Cloe, fanning her big, black, good-natured self with a tin plate, and haranguing the house servants as they ate their dinner on that memorable day. "Pears like she's took a mighty notion to help me dis las week. I wonder what's got into her? I'll bet a tater, a big sweet tater too, dat sum of dem hard taren down old housekeepers bin knowed her ebber since she's bin born, put my young mistiss up to spilin her putty little white hands, Lord knows d'arn is red and big enough! I'd stood it jist as long as I could, and had done made up my mind to tell her how dat de kitchen ain't no place for a lady-born. I was tryin to git up sparit enough to speak out to dis inference when de master come, and, Lord! how I did chuckle when he hollered at her like he was kinder mad, and yet she's so putty he couldn't scold her, and no wonder, for I'd

been scourin and cleanin away and rollin my eyes round ebery now and den to see what she was about, and termined to burst out and say: 'Now Miss Nelly, what you think your blessed Ma would say, if she could put her head in dat dar door, like she used to peep in de old Grange kitchen, and see you wid your lily-white hands scourin away at dat dratted old cake mould? You ought to go out of here, in fact you ought, Miss Nelly, its no place for de likes of you,' and my heart kept kinder filin up inside of me like a tater in a pot, and I kep swellin and sweatin mightily, but I couldn't speak as I oughter; and when Massa Frank come along and blow'd her up, I could a hugged him, fore de Lord! I could, and I b'leves he's put a *vetum*, as my ole master use to say, on her comin here to bother me agin. Jehol-ikins! but ain't it hot?—Come, hurry up your dinner;—you niggers takes heap longer to eat dan you did fore freedum broke out!" and aunt Cloe went about her afternoon work with a vim that hurried up her audience to a speedy prosecution and completion of their dinner operations; for aunt Cloe was queen of the kitchen, and not to be trifled with or interfered with—no, not even by "Miss Nelly," and aunt Cloe was right!

"Now, come, my darling, and tell me candidly what ever put it into your pretty little head to turn kitchen maid? Your mother never did such work, so far as I know, and certainly mine never does. Who has been tampering with your lady-like notions of housekeeping, causing you to place kitchen work high up—nay, perhaps to head with it your list of daily duties?" And Frank Random drew Nelly down besides him on a tete-a-tete sofa, near the library window, after tea, when the children were asleep, and there appeared a fair chance for uninterrupted chat.

Nelly laughed at his business-like manner, and replied jestingingly—

"You talk as if I had been guilty of some grave offense, Mr. Inquisitor, its precious little of anything in the shape of work I've ever done, not half as much as I ought, it seems—for Mrs. Noah Scrubbinwell"—

"There!" exclaimed Frank, springing up and standing before her as if to do battle then and there, "I knew it—I forgot her name, and called her old Fuzzleguzzle to-day, but knew it to be her doings all the same, meddlesome, tiresome, fussy old gossip! She's been here, has she, teaching you your duty? just let her try it again, and if I don't raise the devil's delight for her benefit, my name's not Frank Random!"

"Do stop," said Nelly, when she could speak through her laughter, "don't pitch into the poor old thing like that—she meant no harm; but always having heard of her as a model housekeeper, I thought best to profit by her advice, for she called here last week, and this is the way it all come about. I was saying how much more forgetful and negligent the negroes were, or the generality of them, at least, than in

the days of slavery, when she replied:

"Well, maybe its so with them that don't *see* after their servants, but mine are always up to time; for I go along and work with them. You'll find, my dear, that even aunt Cloe—and she used to be a first-rate nigger in your mother's day—even she will be spoiled entirely if you don't see after her every day. I consider it the duty of every housekeeper to go into her kitchen and even help the cook if necessary, after she is through helping in the dining-room. Our Jemima rubs the silver an hour, at least, every day, for I'm bringing her up to be *real useful* and none of your fine ladies that's afraid of spoiling their hands."

And she glanced at mine, which you know, Frank, don't look *much* used up, and I had on *all* my rings, too!"

"Confound her for an old dragon," said Frank, "go on."

"Mercy," I exclaimed "Mrs. Scrubbinwell, I never help with any kind of work but only look after the servants to see that they do it properly. My mother never worked, and never taught me to, (except the pleasant work of making ices, jellies, etc.,) and I don't *know how.*"

"Oh, my dear, your good mother lived in the days of slavery, which abomination I'm happy to say has been done away with. Then there was not quite so much need of our helping by hand, as well as by word of mouth—besides, Nelly, dear, though your poor mother was one of the kindest and best of women, she never was considered a model housekeeper."

"Damn her lying old tongue!" roared Frank, wrought up to a perfect pitch of fury by Nelly's story, "I'll teach her to come sticking her ugly red nose into *my* domestic arrangements; she's a perfect old nuisance, and I'll tell her so for a second provocation."

"Gracious goodness, Frank! how you made me jump, shrieking out like that, and saying such dreadful words too—if you don't stop getting so mad at old Fuzzle-guzzle, as you are pleased to call her, I wont tell you another bit of our conversation; whereas if you'll be reasonable and stop swearing, you shall hear it all, and its worth hearing."

"I beg your pardon, Nell, for swearing, and did not mean to, but am so terribly hot-headed, and it did make me infernally mad to hear of that impudent old frump daring to underrate your lovely mother's housekeeping, when the Grange was always so proverbial for good, nay, luxurious living, and open-hearted hospitality—just to think of such a vulgar old thing as Scrubbinhard——"

"Oh, mercy, Frank, not *hard, well*, you are *too* funny."

"Hard as well makes precious little difference, its all she's fit for, but go on, what else did she have to say?"

"Oh, poor old thing, she praised my dear mother very much, and only said she was not quite as particular as she might have been, or as housekeepers are expected to be now-a-days."

"I'll be bound," cut in Frank, "damning with faint praise.—There's a rhyme, Nell, go on."

"And then she said as I was young and inexperienced she would take great pleasure in telling me just what my routine of daily duties should be."

"'By the by, my dear,'" she continued, "were you ever in Mrs. McSweeper's kitchen?" I shook my head, saying I scarcely knew Mrs. McSweeper well enough to be initiated into the mysteries of her kitchen. "Then you have missed a great treat, for it is the very perfection of neatness; such pans and plates! just like silver, and you might eat off of her kitchen tables, they are so clean.'"

"Oh, mercy, thinks I to myself, what would she say to eating off aunt Cloe's tables as a general thing? And, Frank, do you know, on hearing all this, I felt condemned as a miserable, careless housekeeper, and determined to reform, turn over a new leaf, become bustling, energetic—yet as these thoughts flashed through my mind I was too proud to own up to my domestic delinquencies and replied:

"'But, Mrs. Scrubbinwell, I don't see the need of having tables always in a condition that one might eat off of them without plates, and if used constantly, as kitchen tables must be, how is it possible?'"

"I wish you could have seen her horrified look, and how she bristled up like a porcupine about to do battle, while answering:

"'My dear, 'cleanliness is next to Godliness,' and a lady's kitchen should be as clean as her parlor. The fact is, even Mrs. McSweeper's back yard is always so exquisitely neat that I would not mind eating off of her pavement.'"

"'Oh, mercy, you don't say so—that is wonderful!' I exclaimed, looking, doubtless, very incredulous, for a vision of *our* pavement with Sancho, Tass, and little Lee, the puppy, eating their daily mess there, or with the old bones, rusty tin pans, and black Bob's worn-out shoes, and other unsightly things flying round flashed before me, and then—Oh! horrors, Frank!—would you believe it—I got into one of my absurd ways, and burst out laughing; for close on the heels of this dog tableau rose another, of old Scrub, on all fours, taking her dinner with the canines; well, this was rather natural, for she had suggested the idea of dining on Mrs. McSweeper's bricks, why not on *ours?* and I wondered if it would taste less savory than from that model housekeeper's model back pavement!"

"What amuses you, Nelly?" she asked in a very dignified manner, bristling up again.

"Nothing I said, in a state of visible alarm. I was only thinking how unpleasant it would be to take my lunch or dinner off the bare bricks in our yard, for with dogs about, and Frank is so fond of hunting he keeps two setters, and a young one coming on, to say nothing of children, white and black. I scarcely think it possible to keep the back premises

in such a *perfect* state of neatness, do you?"

"Well, my dear," she answered, slightly mollified. "I can't agree with you there, for energy can accomplish almost anything, and I think the fault of your house-keepers, generally, is a lack of energy, they lie in bed too late, you should rise at the crack of day, to bring all things in proper order and perfectly neat, not meaning to be personal, of course, child, and her keen, searching, prying eyes, glanced in a most expressive way round the dining-room, where we happened to be, and where one of the curtains was tied up in a knot, for you know, Frank, you *will* fix it so, when you are mad at the room for being dark, or at me for being given to curtains, I don't know which, and Eddie's gun, and one of the baby's old shoes were tossed on the table, to say nothing of my gloves and veil on the side-board, and little Posey's finger marks all over both the window sashes, especially that one under the knotted curtain, and down by the hearth was one of your slippers which the puppy had dragged in, and I intended to take back to its place, but forgot all about it."

"I'll warrant you," said Frank, tapping Nelly's fair cheek, "my careless pet is not famous for remembering such little matters, and I'd rather have her so, than a second edition revised and improved of old Scrub, or that model house-keeper, Mrs. Ephriam McSweeper!"

"Well!" continued Nelly, "she searched the room with her eyes, while saying she meant no personality, which caused me to remark apologetically, 'don't scrutinize this room, please, for people, with babies, cannot emulate either yourself, or Mrs. McSweeper, who have no encumbrances of the kind, for yours are grown up and out of the way, and she never had any.'"

"Ah! that is a great mistake dear, for in my youth, with three or four little children, I was a famous house-keeper, and kept my children beautifully clean too, and Mrs. McSweepers would be a model if she had a dozen; and look at Amanda Overnice, Nelly, *there* is an example for you, six young ones, a baby always on hand, keeps only one servant besides her cook, and those children always look as if they had just come out of a band-box, she is a model mother as well as a housekeeper."

"Mercy, I ejaculated mentally, as the thought of Eddie, dirty as a pig, up stairs, presented itself. I hope he's asleep, or, at least, that he will *stay* up stairs, but he was'nt asleep, and he did *not* stay up stairs, for just as the words, "model mother," came out, precise and hard, to the ear, as words cut out on a slab of granite would look, in rushed the little scamp, more outrageously dirty than usual, smeared from ear to ear with molosses candy, and black as the back of the chimney! I wish I could have seen the old lady *rear* up for an instant, and then *shrink* as far as possible, within her capacious silk wrappings like a great fat snail trying to disappear within its shell, as

after flinging himself on my lap a moment, and peeping up at the stately dame, as a mouse might be supposed to survey the highest of Egyptian pyramids, the little fellow made a dead point at her Niagara fan which has a bird in the center, and was just about seizing it, when, in a fit of despair, saying, 'come go to Betty and get your face washed.' I laid hold of the young invader, and hurried him from the room, without one word of apology or explanation, with regard to his appearance, half inclined to give master Eddie a small dose of my old slipper, and wishing Mrs. Scrub in Joppa! When I returned, she looked severe and dignified, but went on, without any allusion to Eddie's appearance. 'The secret lies in *energy;* you must rise early; *I* am up at the first crack of day, and always have been.'"

"Yes, thinks I to myself, you look hard and old and puffed up and keen, as if you had been on the look out for dust and cobwebs and all sorts of dirt ever since you were married! A chief-of-police infesting the high-ways and by-ways of domestic life, to observe, detect, and bring to light the short-comings of lazy, young house-keepers, and I suppose, Nelly Random; you must be dreadfully lazy and trifling and good-for-nothing, in comparison with such veterans as Scrub, Overnice & Co. And, then and there, Frank, beneath the searching eyes of that domestic inquisitor, that chief of house inspectors, and under the spell of her alarming eloquence, I determined to reform, that is, as far as possible, not that Aunt Cloe's tables can ever emulate Mr. McSweeper's, or our back-yard her back-yard, not that I can ever be up at the 'crack of day,' except to tend the children, for after fussing with baby half the night that is scarcely possible; but then I might do better, and I will, if its in me, which is extremely doubtful; but my intentions are good, you see, for ever since your poor Nelly has been doing penance, by helping in the dining-room and kitchen both, till you caught me at it this morning; and I really believe Aunt Cloe was glad to see me defeated, driven off from her premises, for though silent, her discomfiture at my presence has been evident and visible in the roll of her eyes, and groans of disapprobation as I went about rubbing here and polishing there! But, Frank, when 'model house-keepers' pitch into you like that, what is a poor lazy one to do?"

"Do? why do nothing—at least in their line—for stupid old cases who choose to offer up their lives a sacrifice on the altar of 'model housekeeping' don't deserve either to be admired or emulated—the kitchen should be their sphere of action, for it suits both their tastes and capacities. Look into their parlors, and what do you see? Tables, chairs, everything bolt up-right, looking as if they had been there from the beginning and would be till the end, adorning a small temple of uninhabited splendor,—where photograph albums and other unreadable books look at you from the centre-table as if stuck there with Spalding's glue! Just fancy one's

pitching at such a thing as that and tumbling the books, etc., down on the floor, or piling them on the windows, and then transforming said formidable looking centre-piece into a card-table! as *we* do oftentimes in *our* parlor. Oh! Jupiter Amon! I would as soon dare displace the gifts on some holy shrine, or worse still, throw a snow-ball at the bows on Mrs. Scrubbinwell's cap!—Now, Nell, I am going to defeat old Scrub, route the enemy, and put an effectual stop to this meddling. My wish is, that you shall always do your duty, viz: keep-house as nicely, and easily, and comfortably as you now do, and to my perfect satisfaction, I don't want to eat off of kitchen tables, or back pavements *a la* Overnice or Scrub or McSweeper, as long, at least, as we have dining tables and plates. Be the unselfish and devoted mother you always are, and if the children do look a little piggish at times, I shall not have the neat-shivers, and am sure you wont either, but one thing I forbid, Nelly, and that is your entering the kitchen for two weeks upon any pretense whatever."

"Two weeks?" cried Nell, "why that's longer than I ever missed going in yet. What's your fancy now, Frank?"

"No matter; my reasons are good; you may look in, but don't cross the threshold for a fortnight, as at the end of that time I want you to invite Scrub and Overnice to dinner."

"Oh, mercy, Frank—to dinner? *We* invite two model housekeepers to *dinner?* I should absolutely die of alarm even at the prospect of such an ordeal."

"No you wont, Nell; my mind is made up, so don't protest. I will furnish the supplies for a first-rate dinner, which aunt Cloe shall prepare without your assistance; the defect you can fuss about to your heart's content in the dining-room, that is pies and cakes, the pastry shall come forth puffy and perfect as usual from aunt Cloe's ebony fingers. It shall be a dinner calculated to transfix these two model housekeepers with wonder—especially when informed that you have not been inside the kitchen for two weeks, which startling piece of intelligence I shall present in due form for their august consideration."

"No, Frank, you could not be so cruel as to tell such a scandalous thing on your poor Nell? Why it would ruin me with all the nice housekeepers in town!"

"I don't care a ——!"

"Gracious, Frank! don't swear again; you are *too* bad."

"Swear I'm not swearing; why don't you let me go on? I only meant to say I don't care a cent for all the nice housekeepers boiled up in a mess as unsavory as that concocted by the witches in Macbeth! My mind is made up about the dinner, and I want two or three of our set invited to enjoy the fun. Don't fret yourself. Everything will go off *splendidly*, and then to see two model housekeepers routed, beaten, by George! what grand sport it will be."

And Frank went off to smoke his pipe, leaving poor Nelly half amused at his freak, and half tor-

mented at the terrible ordeal awaiting her. There was some comfort in the reflection that she could consult Mag. Parker and Nannie Danvers, who were her dearest friends, and kept house in her style, that is, without pretending to be *models*, and who, like herself, cared not one rush about the condition of their neighbors kitchens, or back yards!

CHAPTER III.

"What do you suppose ever possessed Nelly Random to invite *us* to dine there?" said Mrs. Scrubbinwell to her neighbor, Mrs. Overnice, as they sat over their tea, the evening before Nelly's long anticipated agony was to be accomplished.

"Can't imagine, I'm sure; do you know it strikes me as almost *impertinent* for a lazy, careless thing, like Nelly Random to invite two such good managers as you and myself to a dinner-party. *I* am just going out of curiosity, for I know there won't be one thing fit to eat; she leaves everything to that saucy old nigger, Cloe, who, in my opinion is no part of a cook, and such a kitchen as she keeps! they say it's a perfect disgrace, but no wonder, what can you expect from *fashionable* people who lie in bed till 9 o'clock? In the winter they never breakfast till after nine; for a nigger that lived there last year told me so, and then such pigs of children! Why, Tilly McSweeper told me that their faces were never washed more than twice a day, and sometimes only once, just think of it!"

"I believe that," chimed in her companion, "for the other day when I was calling there, Eddie came tearing into the room, looking like a chimney-sweep, *stiff* with molasses candy, and a streaming nose! After pitching head-foremost into his mothers laps, and peeping up at me, every now and then, as if I were a dragon, the young monkey made a dead set on my beautiful new Niagara fan, and was about to seize it with his filthy paws, when Nelly had sense enough, for a wonder, to take him out of the room. Oh! but did'nt I give her a piece of my mind that day, about laziness, etc., perhaps its been of service, and out of gratitude she's going to give us the benefit of her improvement in the house-keeping line."

"Well, maybe so, but I doubt it," said Mrs. Overnice, "depend on it, she's too elegant, too fashionable, and worse than all, thinks herself too handsome ever to be a good house-keeper, or useful in any way! Her mother, my dear, was *literary*, and I never knew a literary woman who was fit for anything, let alone keeping house and bringing up young ones! but we'll see to-morrow, I expect to come home half starved!"

After the first panic of alarm

passed off, Nelly rather enjoyed the idea of having two such veteran old house-keepers to dinner, especially, with an equal balance of her own clique, to participate in the fun of seeing them *routed* by Frank.

The silver, china and glass shone, the damask was spotless, and everything in keeping. No baby shoes, old veils, gloves, or slippers, tossing about; Frank being particularly amiable, we had coaxed him to let the window curtains alone, after she had arranged them, and little Posey's finger-marks were all washed off the window glass! Mrs. Scrubbinwell gave Mrs. Overnice a look of exultation when they entered the dining room, as much as to say, "See the wonders effected by my lecture!"

"What delicious gumbo, Nelly," said Mag. Parker, "I would like the recipe."

"I dare say aunt Cloe will be proud to give it to you," she answered, telegraphing Frank with her eyes, "it is mamma's old recipe—the Grange gumbo was famous, you know."

"I thought you had succeeded in obtaining Mrs. McSweeper's recipe—*she* makes the *best I* ever tasted," snapped in Mrs Overnice, tucking in her gumbo with her spoon held very far down, and her soup-plate tilted the wrong way."

"I never tasted her's," said Nannie Danvers, "but this is by far the most delicious gumbo I ever did taste. Mag, we must flatter up aunt Cloe and try to get the exact proportions."

"Mrs. McSweeper knows the *exact* proportions of everything on *her* table. I never asked how to make anything that she could not tell within a thimble full the precise quantities. That's what *I* call good housekeeping—don't you, Louisa?" turning to Mrs. Scrub.

"Yes, of course I do; one cannot be too particular in such matters."

"Dear me," said Nelly, "it would keep my poor head in an everlasting whirl—worse than unhappy Mrs. Raggs, if I were to dot down in my brain so many proportions of butter, eggs, flour, etc., etc., pertaining to cakes and custards, but as to soups, meat-dishes, and all that sort of thing, my taste might help me, but my memory never!"

"The pastry of this veal pate is perfect, Nelly, said Nannie Danvers, "I know you made it with your own fair hands," looking at her young hostess with a speaking twinkle of the eye, which was intended to say "now is your chance to stun the two model housekeepers, go ahead," for a sketch of the conversational programme had been drawn off beforehand.

"I am happy to say," replied Nell laughing, "that my 'fair hands,' as you are pleased to call them, are not much given to such laborious species of amusement, and as I have not been inside my kitchen for two weeks, Aunt Cloe must have all the credit, if there is any due to my culinary department."

If a bomb-shell had fallen and exploded, then and there, in the middle of the table between Mrs. Overnice and Mrs. Scrubinwell their looks of consternation could not have been greater,

or their countenances wore a more horrified expression. "Two weeks!" almost, shrieked Mrs. S., "two weeks!" shrieked a half-smothered echo from Mrs. O's capacious mouth, which was over-full of the delicate pastry, and both models gave a little bounce off their chairs, as if seated on gum-elastic cushions.

"Nelly Random, my dear child, how you do talk! it is well we are all friends here, and know your funny way of exaggerating and how much to believe of this most improbable assertion; for, if such a thing should get out in town, it would ruin your reputation as a house-keeper forever, just suppose Mrs. McSweeper should hear it!"

"Well, as I don't keep house to please Mrs. McSweeper, individually, or the town collectively, and only for my husband and true friends, it makes very little difference what estimate is placed upon my house-keeping, by the town, and if all reports be true, regarding Mrs. McSweeper's perfections in that line, she ought to be too constantly occupied with her own kitchen and back-yard to care how often I visit mine!"

"Nelly does not exaggerate either, I assure you ladies," said Frank, turning with his most insinuating smile to Scrub. "She has not been in the kitchen for a whole fortnight, I know, for having caught her there two weeks ago, and actually at work, I put a positive injunction on all such unlady-like proceedings, and as a punishment, forbade her entering Aunt Cloe's domains for a specified time, no matter how long."

The two astonished dames turned the full battery of their eyes upon poor Frank at this critical juncture, and Mrs. S., bringing her tongue to bear at the same instant, said in her most caustic style.

"Really, Mr. Random, you are severe upon those who consider it a necessary part of good housekeeping to look after culinary arrangements!"

"Not at all," responded Frank, blandly, "and there can be nothing personal to the present company, in my remark, for I am very sure such famous managers as we have here, can never find it necessary to frequent the kitchen, save at rare intervals, simply to encourage the cook in a neat and orderly style of conducting matters, or to prevent anything monstrous, such as making up bread in a wash-bowl, feeding chickens off the biscuit-board, or making a dog kernel of the kitchen floor!"

Nelly thought of Aunt Cloe's "style," though guiltless of such monstrous improprieties, and said inwardly: "Well, Mr. Frank, you certainly possess no small share of assurance to turn the tables on two veterans in that fashion," for, so completely astonished were the models, and those of the Random school also, at his audacity, that a dead silence reigned for several minutes, broken at last by Mr. Scrubbinwell.

Now Mr. S. was a small man, with small locks of iron gray hair, branching out in prim comical manner on each side of his small head, adding to the extreme look of apprehension which pervaded

his countenance, for his small, dark eyes were always darting round with an apprehensive expression, as if in perpetual terror of something disagreeable turning up. The fact is Mr. S. was a man of small qualities, qualifications, and capacities generally—there was but one great sensation in his composition, viz: his immense apprehension of Mrs. S., and no wonder, for her wrath was prodigious! and quite sufficient to keep several small men apprehensive. He was always on the look-out for clouds on the matrimonial horizon; and having been weather-beaten by storms setting from that direction for a large portion of his life, it was no matter of astonishment to the friends of little Mr. S. that he endeavored to steer as clear of these domestic tornadoes as the very diminutive compass of his small wit would allow! But, on the present occasion, Mr. S. had been indulging rather more freely than usual in some fine old sherry, and felt, under its warming influence, very fine himself, and so bold that his boldness reached the verge of temerity, for the table was between himself and Mrs. S.—to say nothing of the wine—so he came suddenly to the determination of advancing an opinion, and did so, in his own little, peculiar, apprehensive way, looking full in the face of his matrimonial horizon.

"Bless my soul, Polly, I think Miss Nelly—I beg pardon—Mrs. Random is quite right to keep out of the kitchen in such savage weather!" and Mr. S., switching out a small silk handkerchief, wiped the small drops of perspiration from his small forehead, and then to bolster up his small, and rapidly declining courage, gulped down another glass of sherry, poured out by Frank, in expectation of rising storms.

"Mr. S.!" snapped out the extreme indignation of Mrs. Scrub, "You know if there is anything on earth I hate, it is to be called 'Polly.' My name is Mary Louisa—I prefer the latter, and presume that is the reason you always choose the former, vulgarized, for I do think Polly is the vulgarest name on earth." And the capacious breast-works of outraged Mrs. S. heaved with such a prodigious swell as to threaten destruction to all restraining surroundings, such as stays, hooks, etc., as she proceeded. "The weather is never too warm for me to attend to my domestic duties!"

Now the last glass of wine had done wonders with the small man's declining courage, and he replied, through a little facetious laugh: "Well! well, Polly used to be your name in old times when I courted you, my dear, maybe that's the reason I like it, and as to the kitchen, you see, old seasoned timber can stand heat better than new, and Miss Nelly, excuse me, Mrs. Random, you're quite right not to spoil your pretty white skin over the fire; you know,—Polly, God bless my soul, there I go again—Mary, I should say, when we were young, I used to beg you not to fuss so about cooking and such things," and again, Mr. S. looked his smiling tempest full in the face. The first bomb-shell

was a squib to this last stunner, and the electrified little speaker (to whom the over-powering effects of his audacity were beginning to be reached) seized the decanter of sherry once more as the cloud burst with a vengeance, for a button flew off and struck his plate as giving another visible swell of offended dignity, the majestic model spoke.

"I don't remember your interfering, at any time or in any way, with my domestic arrangements, Mr. Scrubbinwell, but if you did once, I fancy you never dared a repetition," and looking unutterable things at her frightened little man, she attempted a sarcastic smile, which was a failure, and faded off in a sort of green pallor, ghastly and portentous like the sea-green hue of a thunder cloud!

"Bravo! Scrubbinwell," exclaimed Frank, before the words of wrath were fairly uttered, "you are a trump and I hold you on my side."

"Trumps are not always the winning cards, however, Frank, and as you gentlemen are not expected to know much about the duties of house-keeping, you had just as well yield with a good grace," said Nelly, making a move to adjourn to the drawing-room.

"No we won't give up either, we are the best judges of what our wives ought to do, as they are supposed to study our comfort, and I shall take care to keep you regulated now, Miss Nelly, before you become 'seasoned timber,' to quote from the most eloquent remarks of Mr. S.," and he made a bow to her offended Scrubship, who went sailing out through the dining-room door under a full press of indignation!

"Very well," said Nelly with her light laugh, "manage your own affairs as you will and let other people enjoy the same privilege."

"That's just what I want, Miss Nell," he answered, "so remember you are to keep house to please your husband, *a-la* Random, and not to please the town, *a-la* McSweeper, or any other model in that line," and he smiled a bland expressive smile at the two models, so-called, present. "Don't you think I am right, ladies?"

"Certainly, we do," quickly replied Nannie Danvers,—the two insulted dames were by this time, past speech—"for after such a dinner, Nelly must take a high stand among the models of even a severer school of house-keeping than that supported in this severe town. Let me give you some coffee, Mr. Overnice," and the two defeated feminines were glad to seek an antidote for their warm feelings, in the steaming Mocha. Mr. S. having taken refuge in a corner, as far from his amiable spouse as possible, was looking rather more apprehensive than usual, perspiring freely over his coffee, and still more so over the thought of that storm of wrath which Mrs. S. was nursing diligently to keep it warm. He had ventured an opinion in opposition to Polly under the inciting influence of sherry! May it be long before he indulges in a like quantity of sherry again! and his apprehen-

sive side-long looks over the frail bulwark of a small coffee cup from his corner of refuge, in the direction of danger, expressed as much, and more; and we venture to say, Mr. Scrub will be less intemperate in future, as regards the consumption of old or new wine, and also presumptuous in launching bomb-shells at "Polly!"

"Oh! but wont he catch it, though?" said Frank, so soon as they were alone after that memorable dinner, "and didn't I beat old Fuzzle-guzzle in a fair fight? She wont dare to open her mouth to you about housekeeping again, I fancy. What fun it was! and then to think of weak little Scrub's coming to the rescue! Who would have thought it? Hurrah! for my fine old sherry—how it did sharpen both his little wit and his little courage! I say, Nell, aren't you glad its over, and that we whipped the enemy?"

"Yes, I'm glad its over, but the enemy wont stay whipped. Model housekeepers are not to be extinguished by bomb-shells, either foreign or domestic! Poor little man! how I do pity him getting into such a scrape for me—its too bad. Just imagine how wretchedly he will feel when the sherry dies off, and 'Polly' comes on in full force to the attack. Oh, dear! its dreadful, and I do wish the small idiot had held his stupid little tongue, don't you, Frank?"

"No indeed, it was such fun, and a blowing up wont hurt him a bit, he's used to it. Mercy, how the two old women bounced when the 'two weeks' bomb-shell exploded, didn't they? It was as good as a play! Go up to the baby, Nelly, Betty's roaring 'John Brown's body' in his ear again, and she'll be as deaf as a post before long if you don't stop it. By George! it's enough to split the ear of a Rhinoceros! I'm going to smoke and write to Bob about my triumph over old Fuzzle.—*Au revoir.*"

And off went Frank to the library, and Nelly to her baby, both well pleased with the success of a model dinner-party *a la* Random.

AN ALPINE PICTURE.*

(AFTER RUSKIN.)

Ferny pastures, beetling rock,
  Slopes half islanded by streams,
  Glisten in the amber gleams
Of the sunshine,—gleams that mock
Shadowed field, and cool, grey rock.

Farther up, the sobbing pines
  Hold their uncontested sway,
  Shutting out the winsome day
With their sullen, serried lines,
—Mournful, melancholy pines!

Through them, with eternal roar,
  From the glaciers, thunder deep
  Torrents, whose terrific leap
Pales them, plunging evermore
Shuddering through the twilight roar:—

Filling with their misty cold,
  All the gorges in their fall,
  As athwart the granite wall,
Which they loosen from its hold,
Down they shiver, blanched with cold.

Thread this craggy mountain path,
  Fringed with ferns that shun the light,
  Climb the ridgy, rugged height,—
Stand within the arch that hath
Bounded in the curving path.

Dark against the whitened foam,—
  Rises a rude cross of pine,
  Whose mysterious, sacred sign

* See Modern Painters, page 313.

Points the thoughts that wandering roam,
Skyward, through the eddying foam.

From the lichen'd niche we gaze
Out upon the pale, far sky,
Where the peaks that stretch so high,
Catch the tender, dying day's
Last, faint flushes, while we gaze.

Drop your vision fathoms down
Yonder cavernous abyss,
Where the waters seethe and hiss,
And the jagged snow-crags frown—
Drop it like a plummet down.

All along the laboring steep,
Where the traveler's alpenstock
Needs must pierce the ice-bound rock,—
Let your straining glances sweep,
Scanning all the toilsome steep.

Then, look up!—See how the cross
Casts its symbol-shade sublime,
O'er the wrack and roar of time—
O'er its fret, and moil and loss:
So!—we'll rest here—at the cross.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON—THE GRAVE OF MARSHAL NEY.

"I desire that my remains should repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people I have loved so well."

Such were the words the dying Emperor appended to his last will and testament, as amid the storming and convulsion of the elements, on the lonely and barren Isle of St. Helena, his great spirit separated from its tenement of clay. They are peculiarly touching and sublime. They are not so much the wishes of the man who had once been the pride and glory of the French nation, who, out of chaos, had brought order, and began for them a new career in the race of nations: as the outworkings of a feeling that mingles with the longing of every soul, that realizes the numbering of its days on earth. It matters not how great our hatred towards, or how justly we believe ourselves to have been wronged by, our native land, we all imagine our dust will rest more quietly "'neath our parent turf," and we prefer an enemy rather than a stranger to tread over our tomb.

There was little prospect at the time of the utterance of these words, that the prayer of that spirit, borne down with anguish, would be fulfilled, and that after being guarded for eighteen years by that ceaseless tramp of an English sentinel, those remains would no longer be tossed by the wild waves of the Atlantic, but be laid to rest on "the banks of the Seine," amid the grandest and most heartfelt pageant the fickle population of Paris ever accorded their once beloved Idol.

Such are the overturnings and upheavings of the political world. The Power that contributed more than any other to the restoration of the older and more aristocratic branch of the Bourbon family, was the first to acknowledge the success of the *Citizen King*, seeing not, or caring not that in time to come Louis Philippe would give place to the representative of the man that England "feared and hated."

Though the mortal part of Napoleon was reposing beneath the friendly willow in the green valley of the Atlantic Isle, his name and the glorious memories of his genius continued to agitate the hearts of his people, and the plebeian Bourbon, more sagacious than the rest of his family, who would neither learn nor forget, determined to make himself capital from the bones of his ancestral enemy.

Time, in a measure, had softened even the English nation, and as no good purpose could be served by a refusal, they were willing to grant the demands of the French Monarch, and restore the ashes of the man they had been watching so carefully for nearly a score of years. To give still further significance to the affair, in 1840 an expedition was dispatched under the son of the King to bring the crumbling dust to its natural place of rest, and to pay the last

sad offices to departed greatness. When the remains had reach Paris and were carried to the Hotel des Invalides, a *Bourbon King* received the ashes of Napoleon "in the name of France" and, in behalf of her people, welcomed them to their place of repose "on the banks of the Seine in the midst of that French people he had loved so well."

For eleven years, the honored remains rested in the chapel of the Hotel des Invalides, while a tomb was being prepared worthy the nation's hero. The work was completed in 1853, and under the auspices of a Napoleon, imposing ceremonies marked the change to a monument magnificent, but only temporary, as the Napoleons are to forego the past, and sleep the long sleep beside the Bourbon, at St. Denis.

The Hotel des Invalides was built by Louis XIV. at the request of his War Minister, Louvois, in 1671. It is for the reception of old and disabled soldiers of the French armies. Three thousand monuments to the ravages of war dwell here. In its discipline and management are still retained the military regulations, and each of the veterans must have been a pensioner of the Imperial Treasury, and served in some branch of the army for thirty years. The Governor is a Marshal of France. This hospital is one of the noblest works of which the country can boast, for whatever may be said of the French people, among those charges cannot be enumerated the neglect of those who have contributed life or strength to the military renown of this war-loving race. The recollections of past glory are not allowed even here to pass away. On an esplanade in front of the building is a battery of captured guns in which most European nations are represented. The church is decorated with the flags taken during the wars of Napoleon.—Once they numbered three thousand, but most were burnt before the occupation by the allied armies, and now only 34 worn and dirty emblems remain of so vast a multitude. In the vaults beneath are long lists of names that fill one with awe, comprehending that array of soldiers that shed so bright a lustre about the memories of the First Empire, and which, during the beginning of the present and the close of the past century, made France the terror of Europe. We select at random such as Berruyer, Lannes, Eblé, Kleber, Jourdan, Mortier, Grouchy, Bertrand, Oudinot, etc.

There are two churches, an ancient and modern one. Above the former, approached from the Place Vauban, rises a dome which, for beauty and grandeur, surpasses anything of the kind in existence. It is three hundred and twenty feet high and combines the result of thirty years' toil, by one of the most celebrated architects France has ever produced. Beneath this dome rests all that is mortal of the illustrious Emperor.

"The dome measures sixty one yards on the four sides. The portal consists of a triple building with a flight of fifteen steps.—Fourteen columns decorate the principal entrance. There are also fifteen other columns, among

which are seen too niches containing white marble statues of St. Louis, and Charlemagne.

"Above the Doric entablature rises a story supported by columns of the Corinthian order. There are also three figures representing Temperance, Fortitude and Prudence. The escutcheon of the arms of France is in the pediment of the portico, and at the summit is a cross, with two figures representing Faith and Charity.

"The principal front is of incomparable richness. Forty composite columns decorate the elevation of the dome, and eight piers support thirty-two columns, on the outside. The inside is lighted by stained glass windows, crowned with heads of angels and cherubim. Twelve windows with semi-circular arches form the attic above. A stone balustrade is placed above the eight large composite piers."

On the cornice above the large piers are plinths supporting candelabra, behind them rises the dome, the form of which calls for all one's admiration. Trophies of arms, in bas-relief, ornament all the largest sides. The dome is supported by four enormous piers. At the four cardinal points are four chapels. The roof of the nave forms four arches. In the pendentives of these arches we see the figures of the four evangelists, admirably painted by Delafosse.

Between the pilasters of the basement are twelve windows which light the drum of the dome. Above, alternating with pannels. are arches on which are painted the twelve Apostles, by Sowvenet.

The cupola that surmounts this dome, contains a splendid painting, by Delafosse, representing "*St. Louis* offering to the Saviour, the sword destined to combat the enemies of the religion of the true God."

Although the Chapel of St. Louis was designed before the genius of Napoleon Bonaparte had developed itself, yet, no place could have been more fitting for his tomb, certainly none grander in its conception, or more exquisite in its execution. Art has here exhausted its powers, yet grandeur and simplicity are so combined, as to produce the most powerful effect. The tall cross pointing Heavenward—God's emblem to man—bespeaks the holy character of the building. Here the emotions of religion and military glory are combined, the feelings that act most effectively on the French heart.

In through the lofty portal, with uncovered heads, the multitude pass. On either side the entrance, are monuments to Turenne and Vauban, which contain their mortal remains, "each a masterpiece of art." They were mighty and unsurpassed as Great Captains, in their day, but the brightness of their genius has dimned before the later hero, and they guard the door of his sepulchre. Passing over a floor of magnificent Mosaic, you reach a white marble balustrade, surrounding a depression, twenty feet deep, under the centre of the dome. Beneath you is the sarcophagus of Napoleon I.

The tomb is only open on Mondays and Thursdays. All day

long eager crowds gather here to pay honor to the venerated dust. Hour after hour the stream passes by, yet, there is no diminution to the vast concourse, and no lessening of that feeling of sacred awe that fills every mind. Above the matchless work of human skill: beneath, enclosed in stone, the mouldering form of him whose name will live while there is an appreciation of heroic daring, or unequaled genius. A soft and gentle light falls around, so delicately shaded, as to appear reflected through mother of pearl. No brilliant light enters here. It comes as if awed by some unseen power, and hangs about the tomb as if unwilling to dispel the sad solemnity of the spot.

Just in front of the depression is the altar of St. Louis. It is a gilt canopy, supported by four twisted columns of black marble, twenty-three feet high, each made from a single block. The altar is surmounted by a figure of Christ, in white marble, attached to a gilt cross. The sides are faced with green marble.

The altar has been raised and a passage opened under it to the Crypt. On either side are marble steps leading down behind the altar, terminating in the gallery, which is adorned with numerous statues. The light is here veiled, and is in harmony with the whole spirit of the place. On the sides of the corridor stand the tombs of *Bertrand* and *Duroc*. The former, after following Napoleon in Egypt, and all his campaigns, both North and South, who bore the exile at Elba, mingled in the dangers of Waterloo, and comforted amid the sufferings of St. Helena, stands as a sentinel at his master's grave. Duroc, whom the Emperor loved as a brother, who shared his triumphs and defeats from 1797 to 1813, and who finally died a soldier's death, in Silesia, divides with the faithful Bertrand, the solemn duty of watching at the gates of his sepulchre.

Beside the door of the Crypt are two colossal bronze statues of stern and forbidding aspect, holding an Imperial crown and sceptre. One personates the civil, the other the military power. Above the door, placed in a block of black marble, is the inscription,

"*Jé désire, que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple Francais que J'ai tant aimé.*"

Placed in the middle of the Crypt is the sarcophagus. It is thirteen feet long, six and a half wide, and thirteen high. It is made of a red granite, brought from Finland, is the hardest marble known, and when exposed to the atmosphere defies, unchanged, the lapse of centuries. It is formed of four blocks, and stands on a plinth of green Russian marble. There is a second coffin made of Corsican stone, which encloses the two caskets originally used in St. Helena. The sarcophagus is plain, though beautifully polished, a work which was so difficult as to demand the use of steam.

The pavement around the sarcophagus is of rich Mosaic, in the form of a Roman laurel wreath, with rays of light emanating

from every point. In the Mosaic are inscribed the words, *Rivoli*, *Pyramids*, *Marengo*, *Austerlitz*, *Jena*, *Friedland*, *Wagram*, *Moscow*. The circular walls are adorned with bas-relief figures, representing the most remarkable events in the history of France, during Napoleon's reign, while the ceiling is supported by twelve pillars of white Carrara marble, each of which is a large figure, facing the tomb, and holding symbols of as many victories under the First Emperor. These were executed by the distinguished artist Pradier, who died before the last monuments of skill had taken up their proud position. Around the open part of the Crypt, are hung twelve lamps, made from models discovered at Pompeii. Even their light is softened by shading, and they are only used upon the anniversaries of remarkable events which occurred in the life of the illustrious dead.

A small sanctuary leads off the Crypt, called the Chapelle Ardente. It is closed by an iron door, and in it are deposited, the sword used by the Emperor at Austerlitz, the golden crown presented by the city of Cherbourg, the insignia he wore on grand occasions, and seventy flags captured by the French armies. It is dimly lighted by a lamp, and through the grating is seen, in one corner, a statue of Napoleon in his Imperial costume.

This monument to Napoleon, as was said before, in a remarkable degree combines the religious and military element, and to this fact is attributed the selection of the designs by Visconti. The work is not yet completed. The Court or entrance is to be filled up with statues of the twelve Marshals created when the Emperor gave new life to "that institution of the old monarchy." In the centre on a rich pedestal is to be a statue of Napoleon, in military costume, as he appeared on the field of battle. "Thus we have outside, the man—inside, his apotheosis."

Notwithstanding all this beauty and grandeur, the ashes of the great warrior are not to remain here. Louis Napoleon has chosen, as the last resting place of his family, St. Denis, where, for sixty generations the Bourbons have been gathered to their fathers. Whatever may be the fate of the present government, whatever may be the destiny Paris imposes upon France, the name of Napoleon will ever live in the hearts of this people. For a time after his fatal defeat, at Waterloo, and the subsequent occupation by the Allies, when the nation was burning under the shame and ignominy of foreign domination, his name lost its charm, and for a season, allegiance to his glories grew cold. Yet, as the recollection of these has passed away, and his family have again brought France to a proud place in the European Confederation, the bonds that bind them are stronger than ever, tried as they have been in adversity, and the fame of the First Emperor will ever be in the eyes of Frenchmen, their proudest legacy.

THE GRAVE OF MARSHAL NEY.

MEN are generally judged by the manner in which they live, yet sometimes by that in which they die. Whatever may have been the merits or demerits of Ney's conduct, no one can deny that there was, in his death, a sublime heroism which demands admiration. The necessity or even the policy of political executions will remain to the end of time a disputed question. Upon whichever side individual opinions may be, it cannot destroy the veneration of mankind for the soul which, sustained and encouraged by its moral innocence and the justness of its intentions, fights, undaunted, the last great struggle.

Fifty-two years ago Marshal Ney died appealing "to Europe and posterity," and though the *Chamber of Peers* pronounced him guilty of treason, posterity, as he predicted, has reversed the verdict and acquitted him of the crime.

Truly there was some thing sublime in the character of the man who chose "to die a Frenchman rather than live a Prussian." Who, although given, by the Government that executed him, a passport to leave the confines of France, when in sight of a foreign land, gave up the prospect of safety, and preferred to bear all that might follow rather than have his name tainted with a breath of dishonor.

It was on the 7th day of December, 1815, that the fatal sentence was carried into execution. Carried from the Palace of Luxembourg into the adjoining garden he gladly gave the signal that was to end his then burdensome life. The darkness and gloom was in keeping with the sadness of the scene then being enacted. Facing, unblinded, his own soldiers, he fell, in the gray dawn of that December morning, a victim to the broken faith of England, pledged through her representative, the Duke of Wellington.—Hence he was carried to the heights of Pére La Chaise, the city of the dead that overlooks the gay Capital of France.

The manner of his death brought with it no disgrace in the eyes of the people he had so nobly served, and his dust moulders alongside the monuments that record the proudest names in the category of illustrious Frenchmen.

In keeping with a sentiment that pervades everything connected with the death of Ney, not even a cross or a stone marks his grave. Around it on every side are costly monuments and chapels (fitted up as for the living) but among them is one (at least in this sense) unhonored grave.

A small circular space, surrounded with a hedge, and planted with beautiful flowers which are sedulously cared for, is the only material record to the man, whose name was once the watchword of the brave, and whose chivalry was the pride of a chivalrous nation. Few can stand by the

spot unmoved. The old guide, who passes by it a score of times daily, sheds tears as, with mingled sorrow and pride, he points, and in broken English exclaims: "There sleeps the bravest of the brave."

DEMORALIZED WEEKLIES.

No one can reflect a moment and fail to see the vast influence of the newspaper press in America—an influence already almost unlimited and growing day by day in power of working good or evil.

In a reading—if not a Red—Republic where "the people is king," there must be some power to govern the sovereign; and with us that unseen influence comes from clean type and white paper.

Though the daily press, especially in great metropolitan centres, leads public opinion—when it does not make it—still the work done by the weeklies is too important to be despised. For these weeklies, in some sort, off-shoots of the dailies, in some sort share their influence with a class of readers, less numerous perhaps, but more important because more thoughtful.

The great daily finds its way at early morning into the hands of the broker, the merchant and the politician. It is hastily turned over for a glance at the news, the markets, or for skimming the political leader: and then it is thrown upon the floor of the horse-car, descends to the servants'-hall, or does duty round a parcel from market. Or perhaps its possessor is a working man, a detrimental do-nothing, or one of "the Fancy." In the first case there is a laborious spelling of the local news and the price list; in the second, a glance at the critiques and a careful study of the Paris letter; while the last reads with delectation of the late "mill," picks the plums from the police report and looks at the advertisements of sport, dog-trainers and rat matches.

But in any case the great daily is born for an object, accomplishes it and then—like the fabled *Ephemeron*—dies before the morrow's sun sees a fresh birth take its place.

It has found its way into some hundred thousand pairs of hands; it has sent through some hundred thousand pairs of eyes into some hundred thousand brains—more or less fruitful—some particular seed best suited to the soil, there to germinate, perhaps.

But the weekly—of equal ability and tone—meets its reader at dinner, or tea, after the business of the day is done; or else it is pocketed carefully till leisure offers for a calmer reading.

The weekly appeals to the mental appetite with just the same difference from the daily as there

is between the varied, plentiful but jostled dinner of the steaming *table d' hote* and the substantial, plain, but thoroughly comfortable dinner at home.

While the daily touches boldly, graphically and sometimes thoughtfully, the vital topics of the hour, the weekly has time to collect the cream of many dailies and give it—in a calmer and more scholarly article—dessicated and condensed so as to be readily absorbed and thoroughly nourishing.

The daily appeals to the masses; is the barometer by which they measure the fluctuations of party, of morals and of money.—But the considered utterance of a journal like the *Nation* or the *Round Table* appeals to the few who think for the masses; and thus reacts upon them.

Reflecting therefore upon the important mission to be performed by the weekly journalism of America, we cannot too deeply regret the base uses to which it has come at last:—to pander to the prurient indecency of the great cities, or to the still more base passions of sectional bitterness.

Though the march of demoralization has been wofully rapid, and hurtful, in compound ratio, even to its rapidity, we can clearly trace its commencement to the birth of the mania for popular illustrations. While the organs of Thought and of Reason were, doubtless, a power still, thinkers and reasoners were too few to make them paying investments; and while the number of readers increased immensely, the number of thinkers remained a constant quantity. Thousands of readers clamored, weekly, for something amusing—for something "light."

And then Progress, with the big P, put her tax-stamp upon every publication, and descent began. Now they have something "light" in the moral, as well as the mental balance.

Pictorial illustrations—appealing to the eye and to no deeper sense—naturally attracts many to whom a thoughtful article were Sanscrit, or a humorous sketch utterly incomprehensible. Publishers, finding the quantity of buyers increase as the quality decreased, had little hesitation about reducing the pabulum offered to the level of the greatest majority of palates.

Facilis descensus: and the downward movement, beginning slowly, soon degenerated into a tumble. Papers entirely lost any claim to control, or even to elevate, public taste. They strove solely to cater to that of the greatest number, let it be never so low; and as a result, became simply a budget of pictures, to which the reading matter was loosely adapted.

And yet we have never had a first-class illustrated paper become a great and undeniable power in America. Nothing is more common than the expression of surprise that we never had an American *Punch*.

There is no cause for wonder. Even granting that in the excessive numbers of American readers, there are more thoroughly appreciative of keen and pointed humor than in England, still the fact is undoubted, that the vast

majorities here prefer the broad to the delicate. The early death of three or four rather good imitations of *Punch* has satisfied the paper men, at least, of this fact.

A few papers—like the two named above—have, to their great credit, resisted the popular clamor. They have resisted Progress, and repudiated her tax, preferring to force their way by pure strength into a permanent position of utility, rather than grasp a spurious prosperity that only dazzles by the phosphorescent gleams from its own putridity. There can be little doubt which will be better off when the good fight is fought, and common sense is herself again; but, meantime, all honor to the staunch few that battle in it for principle and decency.

Let any one, who doubts the mission of the illustrated weeklies, glance over the almost endless list on the shelves of any newsman in the Union.

He will find political pictorials of every shade of politics, of which the chief attraction is gross caricature of the better—because more prominent—men of every party. Lacking, equally, point of conception and ability of execution, these pasquinades seek "raciness" and novelty; and in the vain search for this, they pry into the private life of public men, drag their misfortunes into flaming publicity, and not infrequently manufacture, wholesale, the grossest and most revolting libels.

He will find the "comic" weeklies worse, if possible, in mechanical execution than the political: and perhaps even beneath them in ability of their subject matter. For their sole object is to amuse—Heaven save the mark!—and it is a sad reflection, in turning over the pages, dismal with bald trash, that in thousands and thousands of cases that object is accomplished. But the strictly "comic" weeklies are rarely broadly indecent. Weak as is their attempt at fun, futile as is their strife after point, they yet tend to debase the mental rather than the moral man. Appealing to a class of readers far from eclectic, they seek solely for palpable hits and make up in broadness their woful deficiency in ability of any sort. But, as a rule, they are low rather than immoral—coarse rather than indecent.

Next to these upon the counter lie heaps of fashion papers—meet organs of that fashion that is gauged by dollars and diamonds and that has reached the "German" stage on the high-road to *Can-can*. *Fiat justitia*, however. The harm the fashion papers do is rather influential than direct, in stimulating still further aimless rivalry and unwarranted extravagance. Adapted for the rose-tipped digits of upper-tendom they are more tasteful than their plebeian neighbors on the shelf. Their plates are more artistic and their reading matter is of the delicate mush-and-rose-water description that cannot taint the highly perfumed atmosphere of fashion into which they penetrate.

They are not "food for strong men;" but there may be grave doubts if they are yet tonics for very weak women.

But the most pretentious, while

surely the most influential school of weekly literature, is that which assumes to instruct while amusing. Edited with considerable ability, filled with careful engravings of really good drawings and, above all, claiming for themselves a high moral tone, these journals penetrate into every household from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. Not confined to any particular class of readers, they naturally blend the characteristics of the three foregoing grades, and the *mélange* thus offered to the intellectual appetite, might be satisfying, if it were not sometimes sickening.

And their field is so large and varied, that they have become, in some instances, a real power, which we may regret, but cannot afford to despise. Their attractive pictures catch the eye of thoughtless youths and yawning do-nothings; they are a momentary relaxation for thought to wearied men of business. Some special article demands attention even from the solid thinker, or Madame, on the Avenue, must have the next chapters of the vigorous sensational novel. Even straightest laced moralists may find some excuse for cutting the leaves, innocent, perhaps, that a very cunning fox—if not a dangerous wolf—may lurk under the very lamb-like fleece.

Foremost in this school are *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and *Harper's Weekly*, which is just what it modestly claims to be, "*A Journal of Civilization.*"

There is little in either paper to offend the taste, however much there may be in one of them to shock the prejudices. The former numbers its readers by the hundred thousand, reaches into the South and South-west, as well as the North; and is even reproduced in German and Spanish. It is a source of sufficient revenue to its proprietor to warrant his devoting to it—and to its dozen monthly and weekly off-shoots—an immense building which is a perfect hive of artists, engravers, writers, readers, printers, binders, folders—in short of every one of the busy bees that hum and buzz about a great newspaper. From this machinery each week turns out a dozen varied publications, with the "Illustrated newspaper" as their centre; these are distributed to every corner of the Union and even beyond it; they meet hundreds of thousands of readers of every age, class and position; and to many of these they naturally become an authority.

"*Harper's Weekly*" strives to reach a higher level of literary and moral usefulness, as is the duty of a "Journal of Civilization"—even in its present state. Backed by the capital of the most enterprising firm in New York, and by the influence of the still popular "Magazine," it still finds many readers and many blind believers, although its popularity is monthly waning before the Reconstructed "*Leslie.*"

Newspapers—especially illustrated newspapers—are rarely published for a more philanthropic purpose than to make money; and to accomplish this they must—even if they lead it—bend somewhat to the popular opinion.—

During the war the Southern field was shut to both these, in common with all Northern publications.

It became necessary to make up the lost Southern readers by getting fresh ones at the North.—"*Harper's Weekly*" reveled in a perfect carnival of Southern atrocities, slave-drivings, prisoner-butcherings and all that pleasant school. Upon this, like Jeshurun's ass, it "waxed fat and kicked" to a degree to bring its rival to a like course. "*Leslie's Illustrated*" thereupon produced many pictures of fearfully tattered and painfully emaciated Rebels passing under the yoke to apparently well-fed and certainly well-clothed Federals; nor was it behind hand in showing up in very deep lines and peculiarly black ink the horrors of Andersonville and Belle Isle;—albeit we see no illustrations of Camp Chase.

All this was very natural. The papers were meant to sell and this sold them: and no one can quarrel with Interest for beginning at home where Charity sets the good example. We would think very little of the butcher who insisted on giving his patrons pork when they showed a marked preference for veal; or of the shoemaker who insists on a gentleman wearing pointed toes if he declared for square.

But since the war "*Harper's*" has become a dangerous and incurable lunatic on the radical question. It has out Heroded the Herod at the Capital in more than once striving to slay the male children of the South and the mothers that bare them as well. Latterly, it has worked off the furious paroxysm, however, to that degree that its wild ravings have sunk into impotent gibberings.

"*Leslie*," on the other hand, having had a much slighter attack—he was only inoculated by his neighbor and never took the rabies naturally—may be considered as completely cured. If drunken with the success of his loyal pictures, the generous display of reeling Helots in Washington has quite sobered him now: and his tone each week shows a deeper conviction that a country is better than an anarchy.

Equally able as its strongest rival in literary ability, in originality and in excellence of illustration, it reaches a more widely diffused class of readers, and the evil worked by many numbers of *Harper's* is neutralized by one such cut as that of "The bones-and-banjo Congress"—the point and inspiration of which come from a deeper source than the lines on the wood-block.

Of another school—in fact of its own school—is Bonner's *Ledger*, which is the unique organ of proper sensation. Eschewing politics, and not particularly strong in any way, but novelty; it certainly outstrips all competition in that. Though there is seldom any thing startling in the *Ledger*, there is never anything shocking; and if not possessing the unhealthy vigor of *Harper's*, it is at least—

> "Weak without rage, without o'erflowing full."

From its inception, Mr. Bonner has believed that one dollar judiciously spent in advertising,

would bring in two; and he has literally advertised his paper into such a paying circulation as will enable him, in his own language, "to buy the best of everything."

Upon this principle, he lately bought the great trotter "Dexter," for his private wagon; and he moreover purchased the brains of Mr. Beecher for a very flat novel, and the wonderful memory of Mr. Greeley, whose "Recollections of a Busy Life," date back some *two hundred and forty years!*

But Mr. Bonner's last card is the life of General Grant, by his father. And though we are prepared for a war upon Lindley Murray, that may be vigorously waged "all summer," doubtless, the author of his existence is the best person to describe it. No doubt the *Ledger* would print next, the early days of Thaddeus Stevens, if the oldest inhabitant could be found to remember them.

But with all its clap-trap, the *Ledger* is just the paper for the masses—not above their comprehension, and never verging upon the boundaries of impropriety. Its owner justly described it in saying:—

"I never print anything that an old lady would be afraid to put in the hands of her little girls when she goes out of an afternoon."

This—and his persistent advertising of unique sensations—has made the paper, perhaps, the greatest pecuniary success of all the Weeklies.

But if your news-dealer is a respectable man—if he have a family, or a reputation—it may be that you will have to remove a goodly pile of literature before coming to the substratum of veritable "Demoralized Weeklies." These may be classed as comprising the journals of the prize-ring, where all its brutal and degrading features are exaggerated in sad caricatures of the little that is human in this inhuman pastime: of the *Police Gazettes*, in which we find the most obscene and revolting chapters of criminal low-life displayed in flaring pictures, and described in unctuous—if ungrammatical—exactitude; and, finally, of the plenipotentiary, and fully accredited organs of open debauchery.

These latter, have, within a short time, come to play so important a *role* in our journalism as to deserve more than a passing notice; if, indeed, such very filthy pitch could be touched without defilement. They search the lowest foreign publications, and extracting from them the vilest pictures of depravity, broaden their outlines and deepen their tints. They dive into the loathsome purlieus of our own cities, and fishing up their reeking filthiness, spread it openly before a public, who snuff up with distended nostrils the savor, as that of a feast. They glory in being the gazetteers of fashionable brothels; and seek to drag to a still lower level, the indecencies of the naked ballets in which our Northern cities riot to-day.

In short, they are receptacles for every species of moral filth that cannot find sewerage through other channels; are the records of most brutalizing acts that transpire in those nameless haunts—

"Where Satan shows his cloven foot,
And hides his titled name."

Vilest among those that are all vile;—very Arch-Bestials in a carnival of beastiality are the latest born among them—"*Stetson's Dime Illustrated*" and the "*Last Sensation.*"

These twins—for born near the same time, they are of the same size, have the same debauched features, the same imbecility—leave nothing more to be desired by the Low-Priests of depravity. They exceed the wild prayer of those who asked "An Anti-Slavery God;" for, in the vilest terms, they

"Preach the Gospel of Murder and pray for Lust's
Kingdom to come!"

They are veritable "Bibles of Damnation;" and their "Genesis" would bring a blush to the cheeks of those filthy monsters that Gulliver saw, as slaves to the brutes.

Such, in unvarnished English, are some of the illustrated weeklies, one finds upon the shelves of every book-man in this patent republic of free thought and free speech. And they sell with a rapidity that makes us wonder while we grieve.

"I have done my best," said one of the first metropolitan dealers: "I have written to the Chief of Police, stating that some of them are unfit for exhibition anywhere, and that they should be at once suppressed. He does nothing, my customers demand them and I sell hundreds of each."

There are two very cogent reasons why the chief of Police "does nothing." The dealer gave the first in a nutshell, when he said "my customers demand them." It is a sad truth that popular taste—fed so long on the very highly spiced diet of sensation—has become so morbid as to crave this peculiarly putrid food. There are thousands of readers who, beginning on the very anti-phlogistic "*Ledger*," passed thro' the intermediate courses of the "*Phunny Phellow*" and the *entremets* of the "*Police Gazette*" till they now can relish nothing more wholesome than the "*Last Sensation.*" And these gourmets are not confined, as one might suppose, to the dregs of the reading population. Solid looking men, decent looking boys and even quiet seeming girls elbow and jostle each other in the struggle to get late numbers, still damp from the press.

I am informed that many of them find their way into the most fashionable quarters of every Northern city, where they give a zest to Madam's early chocolate, or share the sacred privacy of Miss's own chamber. Public taste, on both sides of the Atlantic, has been educated down to a low grade by a judicious course of Miss Braddon, Ouida, *et id omne genus.* With us on this side, the course has been generously illustrated with the nude drama and the numberless criticisms thereof, good, bad and worse—but all couched in the very plainest of plain English. Our Police machinery, too, lacks somewhat that precision of action characterizing that of Europe; and its officials become most opportunely deaf, or

conveniently blind, when occasion demands.

Here then are the two reasons.

A vitiated and morbid public craving, calls for such publications and their sales are immense. The profit tempts some influential or wealthy publisher to do in reality the work, and reap the benefit from it, while some unknown individual is the ostensible head.—Without *knowing* anything of the sort, one may make a shrewd guess that the Chief of Police, or his subordinates, must receive some equivalent—whether in money, in influence or in political assistance matters little—for carefully ignoring the fact that papers are daily exposed under his nose that far exceed the point of illegality. But with a public crying "bread and bestiality"—as the old Spaniard cried "*Pan y Toro*"—and a police that tacitly echoes the cry, there is no telling to what depth literature (so-called) may not be dragged down.

But one fact comes nearer home to our Southern people than this. We have long looked to the North for a large proportion of our books of amusement and instruction.—With the far more capable machinery that the North had at command for their production, this was but natural. She got up far better picture papers, too, than we could and at a much less cost. Therefore these papers penetrated into the heart of our territory; and it was only when they were forced out by the blockade that our people ceased to read them. Even the gross libels upon Southern men and manners, that coined money for "*Harper's Weekly*" during the war, have not sufficed to expel it altogether since its close.

But if we must have the literature of the North, there is no reason why we must have its immorality as well.

Crushed, ruined and conquered as our people are, they can only be degraded by their own act.—Living in small congregations and with almost every thought concentred on the struggle for bread, our people are removed from the temptations of the festering masses of every great city. They have but little time and no taste for indecent displays on the stage; and the naked Drama would find few admirers in a trip from the Potomac to the Gulf.

Why then do they permit the introduction from the North of a poison more subtle and more dangerous because forging the name of literature and put in a shape attractive to the young, the thoughtless and the weak; even while dressed with the scantiest drapery of propriety that

> "Gives all it can and bids us take the rest."

The writer had late occasion to travel through an intelligent portion of the South. In every train, in every town, and at every station he had a sight, or a sound of "*Stetson's Dime!*"—"*La-ast Sensation!*" from the Newsboys.—These latter were in most cases indigenous to the wood-nutmegiferous corner of the Union. Born in the shadow of Plymouth Rock and weaned on the east wind, their wits are as sharp as their features; and—with a splinter of the Sacred Stone in breeches pock-

et—they have wedged their way into the South and vend the products most congenial to them.

"La Crosse Democrat and Leslie sell well; and Harper sells a little," answered a very sharp-faced specimen to a query—"*But, Lord! I sell ten Stetsons' and ten Dimes for one of anything else I have!*"

And this boy's information was endorsed wherever I made the inquiry.

If these new publications—still in their infancy—have already acquired a foothold in the South, they cannot fail to have a future, fraught with infinite evil. It matters not what portion of our people are the buyers. We might as well stop to enquire if it was the freedman, or Yankee emigrant only, who had the small-pox, or the plague. The poison has certainly made an entry, and the virus must spread. Actual cautery is the only remedy; and it is a hard case if there be not local law enough, left in the South, to summarily stop the sale of such broadly indecent sheets.

It is the plain duty of the press to promptly and fully expose their true character: of every newspaper to warn its readers of their vicinage, as they would of the appearance of the tobacco-worm, or any other foul vermin.

This done; and there is little doubt that the strong innate love of decency our people possess, will,—if it do not drive them entirely out—at least, prevent much harm from the visits of the "Demoralized Weeklies."

THE HAVERSACK.

In the Spring of 1861, when the Confederate and Federal forces were stationed at Pensacola and Fort Pickens, and before the secession of the State of Virginia, the United States steamer "Wyandotte" lay between the opposing forces, floating a flag of truce. Then, civilities between the two armies were not uncommon, and the death of Captain Berryman, Federal Commander of the Wyandotte occurring, permission was obtained to inter his remains in the cemetery of the "Marine Hospital," then in our possession. A Naval procession from the Federal fleet, outside the bar, brought the remains to the wharf, and by invitation, the Confederate officers united with the Federal in the procession, thence to the grave.

A Federal "Officer of the day" was arranging the officers, irrespectively, according to rank, as the "Regulations" required. It was before the adoption of the Confederate uniform, and our officers were dressed as fancy, or convenience, suggested to the various companies that composed our

command. The Quarter-master of the —— Alabama regiment, a whole-souled patriot and gallant soldier, was present, in the uniform of the volunteer company of which he was a member before the war. This consisted of a coat of blue cloth, single-breasted, a "navy cap," with broad band of gold lace, a small, straight sword, with white bone handle and brass scabbard, and the whole surmounted by a pair of epaulettes, *borrowed from a Major General of militia.* The officer of the day seemed "spiced with a little humor," and as his eye fell upon our Quarter-master, he at once carried him to the rear of the column; soon he returned and carried him to the front; again in passing along the line he removed him to the center, and with an air of anxious solicitude, remarked,

"Sir, if I fail to assign you your proper place in this procession, you must really excuse me, but you will appreciate the difficulties under which I labor, when you remember that you have on a Commodore's cap; a Major General's epaulettes; a Captain's coat, and a Sergeant's sword."

A wounded Irishman at Shiloh refused to be carried to the rear, saying that he wanted to see "the prasoners." He took out his short pipe, filled it up, struck a light and began to puff like a loyal editor. As the prisoners filed past, including General Prince, he kept inquiring every minute, "I say, boys, what State are you from?" No one deigned a reply, all strode along in sullen, not to say majéstic, silence. At length, one of our Northern brethren, being led along in durance vile, turned upon Patrick and cursing him bitterly said, "I'm from Ohio, you impertinent Irish rebel."—Pat, without taking the pipe out of his mouth and without a moment's hesitation, answered, "and a good deliverance it was to the State of Ohio when you joined the Yankee army!"

When we look around and see the number of graceless fellows at the South, who have turned their backs upon friends and country, and joined the ranks of the enemies of the white race, not to say of mankind, we are disposed to echo Pat's sentiment and exclaim, "and a good deliverance it was to the South when you joined the Radical party."

H. T. J. sends from Roxboro, N. C., the two following anecdotes:

I have just been rummaging your "Haversack," which, by the way, I find supplied with much daintier viands than our haversacks were of late wont to be filled with, and have concluded to pay for what I have had, by dropping a bone or two of my own into the capacious receptacle. "Of moving accidents by field and flood" you have had a rich abundance. I propose to vary the repast now by two of different characters; for I see that your *Haversack* is like Littleton's pudding, wherein "is not commonly put one thing alone, but one thing with other things together."

And first, as apposite to these times of rampant "loyalty," let

me take you back to the super-patriotic era of Know-nothingism. Two men, whose initials only I will give, to wit: H. C., a Democrat, dyed in the wool, cut out with Democratic shears and made up with Democratic needle and thread, and G. W., a Know-nothing fresh from the furnace, and red-hot with enthusiasm, met in our town and straightway fell into the inevitable political wrangle. They *jawed* each other by the hour and neither was convinced, because each, intent only upon what he was saying himself, paid no attention to what the other said. At last W., whose *forte* was the fervor and brilliancy of his charge, becoming weary of the Grant-like, dogged obstinacy of his adversary, brought up his reserve, determined to end the fight and the foe together. "What, sir," said he, "did General Washington say? Didn't he say 'put none but Americans on guard tonight?'"

"What if he did?" said Hardy, "everybody knows he was nothing but *a durned old tory!*"

It is useless to add that *Grandison* was routed.

My next is an incident of prison life:

It was my fortune to spend the last twenty-one months of the war at that delightful Summer resort, and favorite retreat, of Confederate officers, known in "the bills of mortality," as Johnson's Island. (And hereby hangeth a tale which I could unfold, were it in place here, that would startle some of the sanctimonious and sanctified haters of the late "hell-born rebellion." Of them, though in their own time. It is a great consolation to know, that if they never get their deserts, on earth, they will in ——.)

I had for a mess-mate, Lieutenant B. of the 55th North Carolina. One night, a couple of the prisoners made their escape, and the next night the prison yard was alive with men, crawling and creeping about, trying to "follow suit." None, however, succeeded. On the return of my roommates, they told the following on my friend, George:

George, they said, was getting on finely, crawling on hands and knees, down a ditch, which served as a screen, when to his sudden dismay, looking up, he found a Yankee within six feet of him, with his "piece" at a "ready," and, apparently, about to blow my friend's brains out.

"Don't shoot!" yelled George, springing up; "Don't shoot. I surrender!"

No answer from the Yank, and George, walking up, found that he had surrendered to a pump.

In a skirmish near Corinth, Thomas McCulloch, a private in the regiment of Colonel (afterwards General) J. H. Clanton, received a wound in the right arm, which so shattered it, that it was plain, amputation would be necessary. His Colonel, observing the wound, said to him as he was retiring,

"I am sorry, Tom, that you have lost your best friend."

With a smile on his face, the wounded man replied,

"Never mind, Colonel, it was lost in a glorious cause."

This noble fellow is now living in Montgomery, Alabama.

Captain Owen Finnegan, a gallant Irishman, now living in Mobile, Ala., was the Captain of a steamboat on the Alabama river, in the days of the Confederacy, so-called. After the surrender, Captain F. received an order to carry down to Mobile, the dead bodies of the Federals who fell at Selma.

"I never liked your people when alive, and I don't think that I will like them any better when they are not smelling good," said Captain F. in reply to the order.

In a few hours, a Federal officer, with a squad of soldiers, came to the steam-boat, and said to Captain F.,

"I have come to compel you to carry the bodies of the Union soldiers from Selma, to Mobile, as it has been reported that you refused to obey the order."

Captain Finnegan. "I didn't refuse to obey the order. How are the bodies to be taken?"

Federal Officer. "They are all in boxes."

Captain Finnegan. "So far from refusing, it would be a great satisfaction to me, to carry in boxes, the last one of the Yankee army."

S. T. F., a late captain in the so-named 24th Texas regiment of infantry, in the so-called Confederate army, sends from San Antonio, Texas, the following:

Shortly after the evacuation of Atlanta, Ga., by Hood, and while our forces lay on the Atlanta and Macon road, it was announced that President Davis had arrived at Head Quarters, and would soon review the army. It was also reported that the late Governor of our beloved Texas was one of his Excellency's Staff.

The day for review arrived and the army was displayed in line of battle, several hundred yards in rear of the breast-works, while the reviewing party rode in front. The President and Staff approached our division, and of course, recognized Cleburne's well-known flag. The Governor dropped back and reined up in front, as he supposed, of a Texas regiment, but he was really before the notorious 5th Confederate regiment, composed of all nationalities, but particularly of Irish boat-hands and railroad employées from Memphis, Tennessee and Helena, Arkansas. The distinguished civilian raised his hat very solemnly and remarked loud enough to be heard by the whole regiment, that he was "Governor —— of Texas, but that out of respect to the President, he did not wish any loud cheering or unusual demonstration." Whereupon a big specimen of Irish rebeldom cried out in a loud voice, "Who the bloody h—ll is Governor —— of Texas, and who the divil cares for ye?" There *was* an unusual demonstration, but not exactly of the kind expected by the eminent statesman.

Colonel J. G. C., of Huntsville, Alabama, gives us the name of another hero in the ranks.

Private Moses Long, of the

19th Alabama regiment, threw a burning shell out of the intrenchments, on Kennesaw Mountain, during Johnston's retreat from Dalton. We wish to preserve a record of all such deeds of heroism.

The gallant Colonel gives, also, an incident in his own military experience.

"The afternoon before the battle of Murfreesboro', or Stone River, witnessed a terrific artillery duel between the opposing armies. Night came on, damp and cold, but all fires were forbidden on the advance lines, though permitted in the rear. I was in command of a brigade, and while adjusting my line for the night, a member of my Staff reported that he had found a lime-stone sink where a fire could be built, without exposing the light. After I had completed the arrangements for the night, I went to the sink and let myself down. It was about eight feet deep and ten feet in diameter. A match was applied to some dry leaves and cedar brush, and I soon recognized the smell, and soon after the explosion, of a fuse. It proved to be a 12-pound Schrapnel shell, but by a singular protection of Providence, the shell itself failed to explode. *We left the pit.*"

The life of the bravest of the brave, as well as the truest of the true, was thus miraculously preserved.

We suppress the name of the principal party in the annexed Court Martial incident and give a fictitious one to the witness:

A poor fellow, moved and instigated by the Father of all mischief, had Butlerized some property not belonging to himself.—He was brought before a Court Martial, and having failed to establish an *alibi*, he next resorted to the expedient, so often practiced, of proving "previous good character." Jerry O'Flynn was called upon to prove the integrity of the Confederate Butler. Now it so happened that Jerry did not know any thing particularly good about the accused, and his conscience was too tender to permit him to swear an untruth to save an afflicted friend, though his kindness of heart prompted him to say all that he could consistent with the obligation of his oath. He stood, therefore, scratching his head with a perplexed air, when the prisoner proposed the point-blank question: "From your previous knowledge of my character, don't you believe me to be an honest man?" Truth and conscience were on one side, friendship and good feeling were on the other. Jerry was sorely puzzled. At length, a bright thought seemed to strike him, and with a happy smile and relieved expression, he exclaimed, "faith, an you would be an honest mon, Jock, ef there was nothing to stale!"

We sometimes hear even Southern men trying to excuse the *diabolism* of the Radicals, upon the ground that they mean well and are *honest* in their intentions. At such times, Jerry O'Flynn's testimony *will* recur to our mind and we are constrained to reply, "they

would be honest if there was nothing to stale!"

One of the saddest comments upon human consistency was to be found in the vast number of Irish rebels in the Federal service fighting against the rebellion, and of Germans in the same service, who were exiles from home for outbreaks against their own government. The rebellion could never have been suppressed, had not the Federal army been swelled to its vast proportions by these foreign rebels. Irish rebels in blue uniforms lay thick upon Malvern Hill, Marye's Heights, Chickamauga, and in fact, upon every battlefield of the war. They fought everywhere with the characteristic courage of their nation upon whatever side they happened to be, and with characteristic faithfulness to the banner under which they had enlisted. When the fortunes of war made them prisoners to either party, they were treated with great kindness by their own countrymen in the ranks of the conqueror. We have heard one of them in our service tell how he was saved from starvation in that Andersonville of the "loyal North," known in Dixie as Johnson's Island, by the generous exertions of one of his own people in the Federal ranks.

Sometimes, however, captors and prisoners revived their old religious, political or domestic feuds and had a regular set-to in the old Tipperary style. Col. O., of the 4th N. C. regiment of infantry gives us an incident of the latter kind at Manassas, in the first year of the war.

Pat was one of the famous Tigers of Wheat's battalion, and was well known for his frequent confinement in the guard house, at Manassas station, while the troops were quartered at that point. The confiement seemed to have been the result of Pat's native fondness for anything, and everything, of a stimulating character, and which he seems to have possessed the faculty of finding and obtaining, however faithfully preserved by Surgeons as "hospital supplies," or by Commissaries, for "bad weather," and "extra duty," and when once it was found, all his shrewdness and cunning were soon obscured, or forgotten, in a glorious state of intoxication.

On one occasion when our hero was paying the penalty for some such breach of "good order and military discipline," a couple of prisoners, who had been captured on the picket line, were committed to the "Bull-pen," where Pat was recounting to a dozen comrades, in a most amiable and amusing manner, the adventure which had brought upon him his present trouble. The cry of "fresh fish!" "fresh fish!" attracted his attention, as the two new comers, in blue blouses, were introduced. Pat, who it seems, had been an old Tar on the Mississippi river, at once recognized an old acquaintance, with whom he had taken many fisticuffs, in former times, and who had joined the other side.

"Halloo, Mike! you here! and its meself that made ye cry quarthers minny a time afore, and its meself that can do it agin

if ye are not objecting," said Pat as he squared himself to receive an attack.

The prisoner replied:

"Arrah, it's you, is it, you blatherin dog, that would be afther another licking sich as you got afore, when I use to know ye. An it's that is it? Thin, by the powers, jist let my loving honies here, with the grey jackets on, clear the deck, and it's Mike that'll taich you how to welcome a friend."

With this, he gave the hero of the whiskey raids a blow that landed him on his back in the midst of his companions.

"Fair play!" "fair play" rose from a score of by-standers, and in an instant a ring was formed for the old acquaintances. Pat was on his feet in an instant, and returned his friend's greeting in a most cordial manner, and at it they went in the most professional style. For full ten minutes the conflict raged, the result seemed doubtful, and more than once Mike's friends (a dozen of whom had been previously captured) raised a shout of triumph, as the contest seemed to be in his favor, but at length he roared, "take 'im off, take 'im off! I surrender, I give up, and by my soul, I'll niver harm a hair of your head agin, and will iver call ye the politest gintleman in all Tipperary."

A Chaplain sends us, from Lexington, Virginia, the anecdote below:

Your incident of the race between the "Big Preach," and the "Little Preach" reminded me of an incident which occurred at Cedar Run Mountain, and in which your correspondent must confess to have been an *active* participant. Just as a certain brigade was going into action, the Chaplains and Surgeons belonging to it rode up on a high hill, on the flank, which commanded a splendid view of the field. They were enjoying the grand panorama, not a little, when a Yankee battery came into position, and—perhaps mistaking the party for some General and his Staff—opened on us with four pieces. The missiles came shrieking through the air, falling dangerously near; we unanimously concluded that we "had no business there," and, accordingly, left, without "considering the order of our going." One of the Surgeons had a negro boy, mounted on a fine horse, who led the party to the cover of the hill. When the Doctor came up with him, he began to abuse him for being so much frightened, and for riding his horse so hard. The boy meekly replied:

"I didn't like the whizzing of them things any better than the rest did—and I don't think you ought to blame me, Doctor, 'cause my horse can beat yours running."

An explosion followed, for it was evident that the Doctor, as well as the rest of us, made the best time he could.

Col. M. T. P. sends from Bolivar, Tennessee, the incident below:

I send you an account of an actual fact, showing with what dread

the children and women regarded the troops of the United States, who "occupied" this District. In 1863, this town was under command of a dirty scoundrel from Springfield, Illinois, named Brayman, who disgraced the uniform of a Brigadier General, U. S. A., and whose command did unlimited stealing. My neighbor's three-year old girl, talking to her mother, said, "Mamma, will General Brayman and his Yankees go to Heaven?"

"I hope so, my daughter," replied the mother.

Little blue eyes exclaimed "Oh! mamma, please don't let them, I am afraid they will steal God!"

You can judge the mother's feeling when the child expressed her little *feeling*, and upon my word Brayman deserved the dread of the child.

During the campaign of General Early, in the Valley of Virginia in 1864, and while his army was in position on Fisher's Hill, near the town of Strasburg, the Federals made a flank movement across North Mountain, thereby turning General E.'s left, which caused a general stampede on the right and centre.

During the confusion, amid the bursting of shells and rattle of musketry, General E. was endeavoring to rally his men, when a *slightly demoralized* reb came running by the General, minus hat or gun, and in reply to the General's order to rally, exclaimed, "how in the h—ll can a man rally without a hat or gun?"

G. B. M.

Trion Factory, Ga.

EDITORIAL.

WE have all along based our opposition to the Reconstruction Bill, upon the ground that it puts the life and property of the South at the mercy and control of ignorant and irresponsible negroes, who must necessarily become the dupes of the vilest and basest of mankind. Nothing has so effectually demonstrated the utter unfitness of the negroes to exercise the elective franchise, as the selections they have made of candidates for office. They have chosen as their champions, negro-traders, slave-drivers of the most brutal type, or men whose life-record had been hatred of the Union. The trafficker in flesh and blood, the brutal master and Yankee hater are now the standard bearers for "the man and brother." Hunnicutt, of Virginia, embodies in his own proper person, the three qualifications, which seem to be the most popular with the deluded negroes. Holden, of North Carolina, is a life-long nullifier and secessionist. He raised a hue and cry against

Professor Hedrick, of the University of North Carolina, and had him driven out of the State, for advocating Fremont for the Presidency. He succeeded in banishing H. H. Helper for a similar offence. He signed, with his own gold pen, the Ordinance of Secession, which took North Carolina out of the Union, wiped the pen carefully and said "that he intended to leave it as an heir-loom in his family." He, for weeks and months, declared, through his paper, his "unalterable opposition to negro suffrage." This man is now the negro candidate for Governor of North Carolina!! All the negro pets in the State are men of precisely the same type.

The Raleigh *Register*, a "truly loyal" Radical paper, published at the Capital of the State, gives the following pen-and-ink sketch of the negro leaders:

W. W. Holden is a disfranchised traitor, by the laws of the United States, and he could not take his seat if elected.

He has also declared that his object in wishing to stop the war was to "*save slavery.*" He has declared, since the war, that opposition to negro suffrage was the most conspicuous of "Union landmarks." He tried, during the war, it is said, to put his negroes into money.

D. A. Jenkins, of Gaston, is the Holden candidate for Public Treasurer. He was a notorious slave driver and negro trader, and is "charged with having *hung a negro woman* by the neck until dead."

Samuel W. Watts, of Martin, is the Holden candidate for Judge in the Sixth District. He was in Franklin county, during the war, hunting fugitive negroes *with dogs*.

John V. Sherard, of Wayne, is the Holden candidate for Solicitor in that District. Col. Jenkins states, in his public speeches, that, when he was Attorney General, he prosecuted Sherard, in Johnston Superior Court, for "*whipping an old negro man to death*, and convicted him of *manslaughter*."

This is a precious picture! The man who drove Prof. Hedrick out of the State, (though one of the most gifted and patriotic men in it) on account of very mild anti-slavery views, is now the adored idol of the negro race, in North Carolina.

The negro pet, in South Carolina, was banished from all decent society, in Columbia, for his brutality to his negroes. We have heard one of the most prominent citizens in that State relate a most revolting instance of this fiend's cruelty. His joining the negro party is due to his hatred of respectable people, for the contempt with which they treated him, on account of his outrageous treatment of his negroes.

In Georgia, the man most confided in, by this ignorant class, next to Brown and Bullock, was once an overseer, noted for his heartless severity. The *loyal* Governor Brown himself, is the very same individual, who ordered the seizure of Fort Pulaski, on the 3d Jan., 1861, *some weeks before the Secession of Georgia*. He was so extreme in his zeal for the Southern cause, that he could not wait for the action of his State. With the same hot zeal, he seized, in the Port of Savannah, private

vessels belonging to parties in the North. But he is now a loyal man, because he favors negro equality; while Ben Hill, who always opposed Secession, is branded as a traitor. Truly, we have fallen upon strange times!

In Alabama, the negro idols are of the same class as in the four States alluded to. We learn from the *Metropolitan Record* that General Jas. H. Clanton, of Montgomery, had an interview with General Meade, in which he gave full-length portraits of the negro leaders in that city, which have their counterparts in every city, town and village of the South.

Gen. M.—I have been informed that armed white men waylaid and deterred negroes from going to the polls.

Gen. C.—Gen. Meade, I pronounce your informants liars and scoundrels, and am responsible, personally and every other way, for what I say. The frauds were against, and not by the Conservatives. I cannot give you a better idea of the character of the white Radicals in Alabama who managed the recent election, than by informing you who they were in this city. At one box, "Norcross," not a citizen of Alabama, but of Pennsylvania, and correspondent of Forney's *Press*, presided. He is a brother-in-law of Keffer, who is candidate for Commissioner of Internal Resources in this State, and don't claim a vote here. The second box was presided over by one John Cloud, a most notorious character for his age. The third year of the war, when only about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and not liable to conscription, he volunteered and joined my brigade, and was mustered into the service of the Confederate States, taking a solemn oath to defend and bear true allegiance to the same. He remained in the company to which he was attached until he was driven out of camp for being guilty of all manner of villainy, such as obtaining money under false pretences, stealing from his messmates, &c. Passing himself off as an officer, he traveled through Georgia, living by his villainies. He was published in the newspapers of the State as a most notorious scoundrel and swindler, which charges were uncontradicted by him or his friends, if he had any. I can prove him to be a thief by men in this city who were born North, who reside here and were Union men during the war. As manager of the election, he took the iron-clad oath, I suppose, with impunity. A brother of his, who was in the Confederate army as a volunteer, was a manager of another box. I heard the former, while acting as manager, haranguing the negroes around the polls, and advising them how to vote. I have it from good authority that he took votes out of negroes' hands which did not have "Constitution" upon them, and substituted others.—The father of these young men was an enthusiastic Confederate, and a surgeon in the army, though past the conscript age. He was the Radical candidate for Superintendent of Education in the recent election. At a third box, one Wynn presided as manager, who, from the best information I can obtain, is a robber. Since the war, I am informed, he was one of a band who at midnight went to the house of an old citizen about seventy-five years of age, residing near Wetumpka, Ala., and hung him to the joist by the neck until life was nearly extinct, to extort from him gold, which was supposed to be hid about his place. His stepfather

was also a Radical candidate at the recent election. If such men, General Meade, were selected and permitted to manage the election in such a city as Montgomery, how must it have been in the interior?

The negro idols in Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, all have a similar record. They are, with few exceptions, Yankees of the Bureau school of corruption (and the world has never had a worse in any period of its history,) or when Southern-born they are old negro traders, brutal masters or fire-eaters of the most ferocious type. Banished from decent society because of their brutality, or disappointed in their hopes of political preferment, they hate, with a bitter hatred, the culture, the refinement and the virtue of the land of their nativity, and seek to drag down to their own level, those of better birth and purer morals. Hence, they have naturally sought an alliance with an ignorant race, who are easily deceived and betrayed.

Starting out with uttering a known falsehood about the insecurity of life and property at the South, the Reconstruction Bill has developed an amount of baseness, which the world had hitherto supposed to be impossible, in a civilized nation. So much bungling, too, has been shown in the provisions of the Bill, and so little skill in its details, that the Satraps have been constrained to proclaim Conventions to be called, which had been defeated, and Constitutions to be accepted, which had been rejected. But for the active exertions of the military commanders, the whole thing would have been a farce and a failure in all of the ten States.—Policy required that those alone should be counted in opposition, who took a decided stand against Reconstruction, but by a singular blunder, the most efficient way to defeat the iniquitous scheme was to do nothing at all. There is nothing which the "loyal North" so much despises as want of *cuteness*, and the Radicals have specially plumed themselves upon the possession of that delectable quality. But, surely, they showed a great lack of this essential element of wicked success, when they failed to frame the Bill, so that all not voting against it should be counted as endorsing it. The Alabama Constitution was lost by this stupid mistake. The Report of the Committee sets forth piteously that there was a big rain on the *day* of election, which kept thousands away from the polls, while ignoring the fact that the election lasted five days. We are not surprised at the insinuated falsehood in the Report; that was in keeping with the celebrated Preamble to the Bill. But we are surprised at the Jacobins for not adopting the good old rule of "silence gives consent." Still better, they might have required the negroes to continue to vote day by day, until the elections were carried. Or still better, they might have required the military commanders to report them as carried. A little tact and management would have saved them a world of trouble and annoyance. It is melancholy to

reflect how much perjury has been necessary to counter-balance this want of tact, how witnesses have been compelled to swear that the rivers of Alabama were choked up with ice! and how a poor negro on his way to the polls was crushed by an iceberg!

His Majesty (we'll not name him) must have been greatly grieved at the want of cunning in his children. He himself is distinguished for his subtlety (Genesis III, 1,) and he has a right to expect the same characteristic in his descendants.

But if the provisions of the Bill show want of address and cunning, the whole Bill itself betrays want of wisdom and statesmanship. There is no folly like the folly of temporary expediency. The Jacobins, in the hope of present gain of strength to their party, by the negro vote, jeopardize the very interests which they wish to subserve. The negro is not too low in the scale of intelligence to learn that the cotton tax is an injury to him, that the tariff is an injury to him, that the bounty on fish is an injury to him, that the restriction on the coast-trade is an injury to him, and that the interest on the bonds of the Government is an injury to him. In less than five years, he will be a repudiator, and a violent opponent to the whole New England policy of selfish aggrandizement. The most prominent feature, in all the Constitutions framed by the Fetich Conventions, is that of repudiation—the so-called measures of Relief. They expect by this one provision alone, to array on their side the bankrupt, the insolvent, the dishonest and the baser sort. Can it be expected that men, who have tasted the sweets of relief at home, will be willing to wear burdens abroad? The Jacobins are not merely playing with edged tools, they have actually made and then sharpened the tools for their wicked sport! They lack wisdom, they lack statesmanship, they lack even cunning. Surely, their great Progenitor has reason to be ashamed of them!

The Hon. Charles Sumner was, probably, at no time a very amiable man. But he has been so soured by the chastisement inflicted by Brooks, and the desertion of his beautiful wife, that every utterance is now a sneer, or a sarcasm. His last fling at General Grant is peculiarly unkind. "We must have a *stable* Government," says he, in his bitter, ironical matter. This thrust at the hero of fast trotters and "horse-talk" is very ungracious at this juncture of affairs.

A SINGULAR MISTAKE.—The Hon. Thad. Stevens, in July last, thus taunted the Republicans in Congress:

He begged the House to consider that the Senate was several furlongs behind the House in the march of reform—perhaps he ought to say Radicalism. Senators were coming up sidelong, but had not yet got quite squarely up. What he had just mentioned was an illustration of that. Some fragments of the old shattered Constitution had struck, perhaps, the kidneys of some of the Sena-